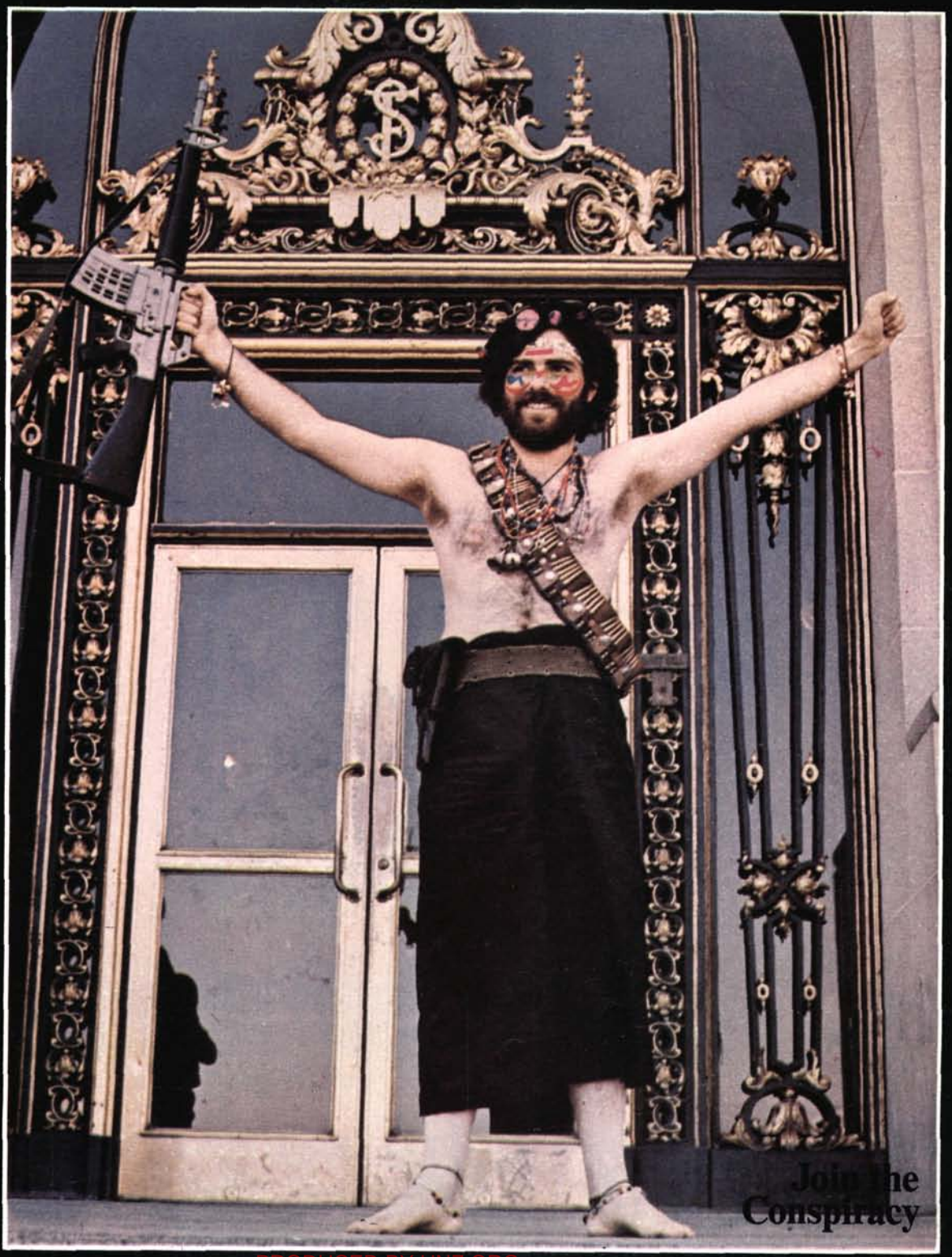
December 1969 Women's Liberation; Chuck Berry; Nixon's Welfare; Germ Warfare: for Alma Mater, God and Country 75¢

Ramparts

Inside the Pigasus Campaign

We demanded that Pigasus be flown to the Texas White House immediately for oreign policy briefings..."



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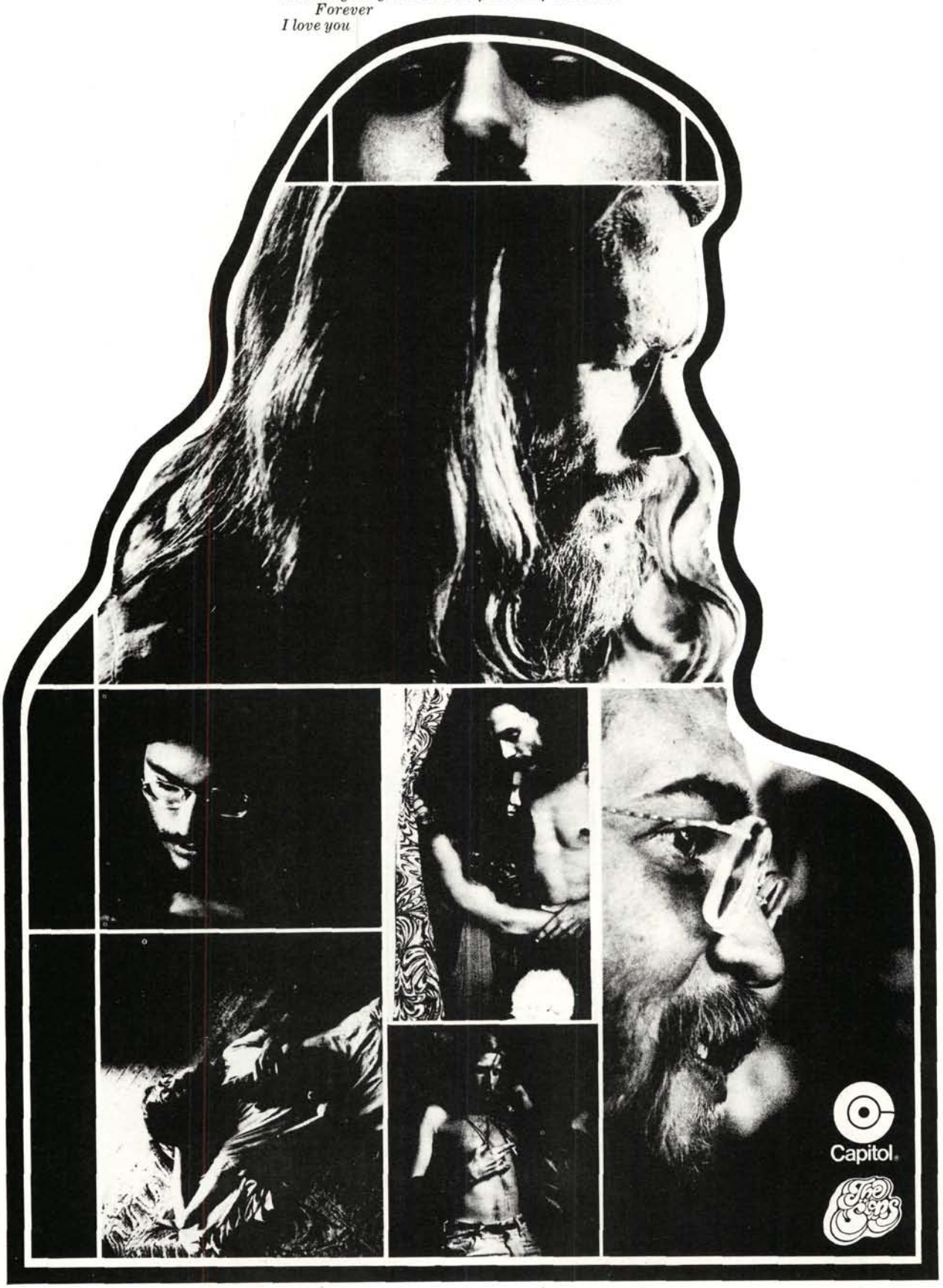
The forms which we create caress our minds
And they'll take us past this place which lives by time
And the forms we are creating today
Are the forms which we will be some day
And the good games are the flowers of our minds
Forever
I love you



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Leading Articles:

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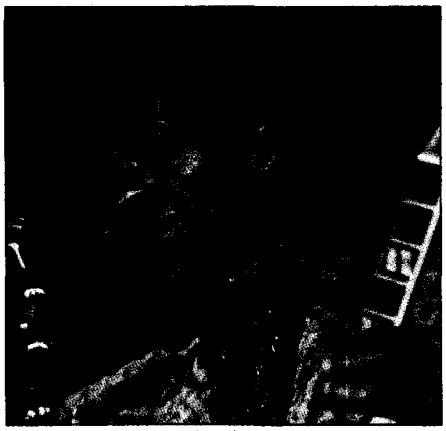
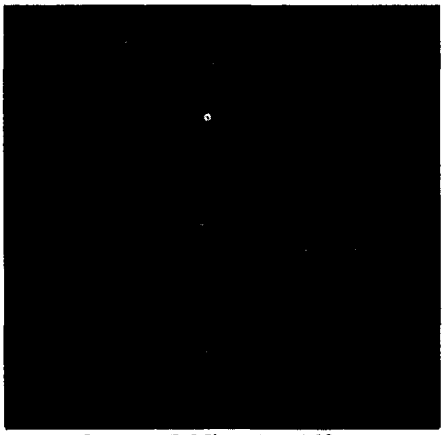


[*Page 47*] Chuck Berry Lives!

[*Page 57*] Women's Liberation



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VOL. 8, NO. 6 DECEMBER 1969

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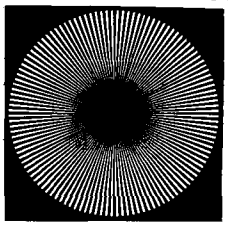
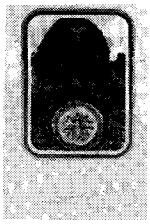
P236. "THE EXPERIENCED". Jimi Hendrix in flaming day-glo purple, cerise, green, blue, burnt orange & black. 21" x 30¾". *Only* **1.98**



P963. ZONK. Sunburst in brilliant dayglo colors; blazing moire pattern in center; matte black background. 39½" square. *Only* **2.49**

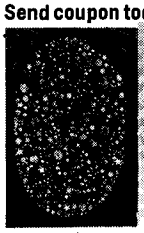


P111. Faulkner: "I BELIEVE . . . that man will prevail." 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P264. THE SPARK OF FREEDOM SHALL NOT BE EXTINGUISHED. Russian poster silkscreened in black and red on white. 25½" x 37". *Special* **1.98**

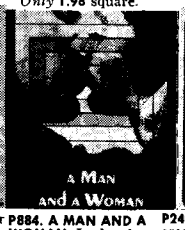
P195. MAILER for MAYOR OF NYC. Full color Mailer for Mayor poster—map layout of NYC as the 51st STATE. 24" x 36½". *Special* **1.98**

P263. THE GLORY OF THOSE DAYS SHALL NOT BE FORGOTTEN. Russian poster; silkscreened in red and black on white. 37" x 25½". *Special* **1.98**



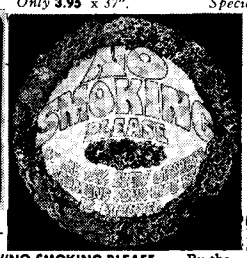
P706. PEACE. Iridescent reds, greens with white & red-brown. 30" x 19¾". *Special* **1.00**

P241. TEOREMA. Poster for the controversial film; brilliant dayglo orange & red with black. 29¼" x 32½". *Only* **1.98**

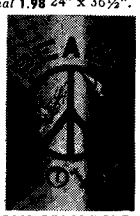


P884. A MAN AND A WOMAN. In dayglo cerise, green, orange, red, on matte black. 29" x 40½". *Only* **1.98**

P240. U&I. Dayglo burnt orange, rose, cerise & chartreuse on matte black. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.98**



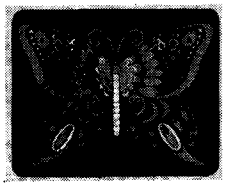
P237. "NO SMOKING PLEASE . . . By the Way, every Cigarette shortens Your Life 23 by 13 Minutes"; dayglo-brite lemon, cerise, green, blue, orange on matte black. 21¼" square. *Only* **1.98**



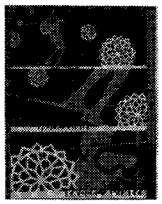
P960. PEACE/LOVE. Black with day-glo cerise through orange, yellow, green to blue. 23" x 35". *Only* **1.98**

P665. Klee: SENECIO. Geometric portrait in startling hues of red, pink, cream and burnt orange. 15¾" x 17". *Only* **1.98**

P190. UNCLE SAM on the population explosion; black on white. 23" x 29". *Only* **1.98**

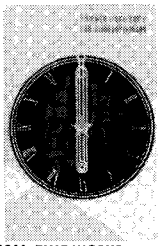


P244. BUTTERFLY. Vivid dayglo colors: cerise, orange, chartreuse, blue, green, dark blue, on matte black. 29" x 23". *Only* **1.98**



P238. ENDLESS WINTER. Ski bum paradise in blinding dayglo red, chartreuse, blue & white. 29" x 41". *Only* **1.98**

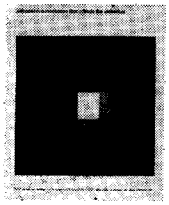
P242. WE SHALL OVERCOME. Matte black fist & rifle, black lettering, day-glo cerise & green circles on dayglo chartreuse. 28¼" square. *Only* **1.49**



P266. TIME WORKS TOWARD COMMUNISM, 1917-1967. Russian poster of a cavalryman and an astronaut; silkscreened in burnt siena, yellow & black 25½" x 37". *Special* **1.98**

P872. Lorin Gillette: FREE. Nude figure silhouetted against a setting sun and shadowed waves; on coated stock. 15½" x 21½". *Only* **1.98**

P239. PHOENIX. Rebirth of the legendary Phoenix; dayglo cerise, burnt orange, purple, green, chartreuse & black on blue background. 29" x 23". *Only* **1.98**



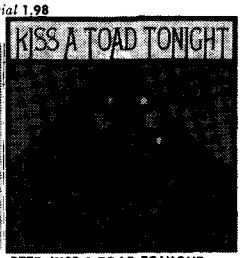
P109. Lessing: "EDUCATION Is Revelation that Affects the Individual." Purples, reds, grays, yellow & white center. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P265. WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE! Russian poster silkscreened in green and orange on white. 37" x 25½". *Special* **1.98**

P262. PAINT IN. Three figures fully painted in full color (almost every color in the paint box!) 24¼" x 36½". *Only* **1.00**

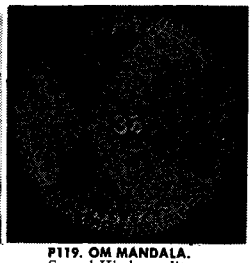
P110. Thoreau: ON INDIVIDUALITY. Painting by Hazard Durfee with greens predominating. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P191. THE PILL IS A NO-NO. Pope Paul on the Pill; brown & yellow-beige. 11½" x 17½". *Only* **1.00**

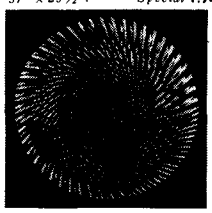


P775. KISS A TOAD TONIGHT. Humorous and thought provoking (what *does* happen when you kiss a toad?) with toad in red & purple on olive green background. 25½" square. *Special* **1.49**

P246. BAEZ GIRLS. "Proceeds from the sale of this poster go to The Draft Resistance"; black & white. 29½" x 42". *Only* **1.00**



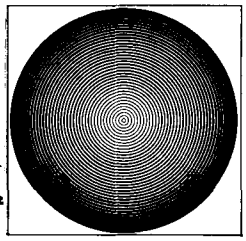
P119. OM MANDALA. Sacred Hindu meditation symbol in deep greens and gold, on heavy stock. 24" square. *Only* **1.98**



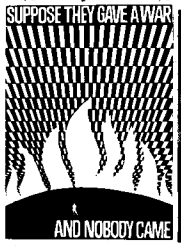
P217. HYPNO-MANDALA. Huge hypnotic swirl in dayglo red, yellow, blue, on a purple background. 20¼" square. *Special* **1.00**

P243. OMEGA. Last letter of Greek alphabet, meaning "that which is final, the end" dayglo orange on matte black. 30" square. *Only* **1.49**

P737. Picasso. DON QUIXOTE. On Artists' canvas—a superb silk screen black on white canvas. 20" x 24". *Special* **2.98**

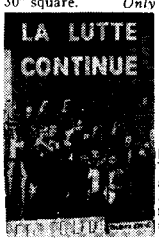


P677. TARGET. *HUGE* in blinding red, yellow, black and white. 40" x 40". *Special* **1.98**

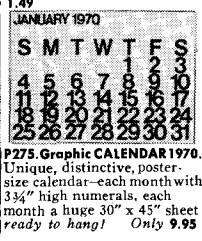


P788. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR —AND NOBODY CAME. Silkscreen —in black and dayglo red; 25" x 38". *Special* **4.95**

P129. SYNCOPATED RHYTHM. Color blocks in rhythmic pattern; dayglo greens, red, blue, orange, on black. 29" x 23". *Only* **1.98**

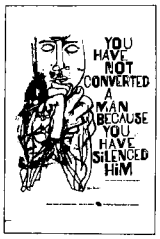


P245. LA LUTTE CONTINUE. French student-revolt poster in blinding dayglo red on white. 26" x 41" *Only* **1.49**



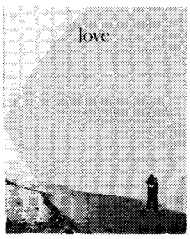
P275. Graphic CALENDAR 1970. Unique, distinctive, poster-size calendar—each month with 3¾" high numerals, each month a huge 30" x 45" sheet *ready to hang!* *Only* **9.95**

P634. LOVE (with a Band-aid). In lavender & broken orange heart; 22" x 35". *Special* **1.49**



P858. Ben Shahn. You have not converted a man because you have silenced him. 30" x 45". *Only* **3.95**

P113. UNCLE TOM. "Only YOU can Prevent Ghetto Fires" Green, brown, yellow. 22" x 33". *Only* **1.98**



P871. Lorin Gillette: LOVE. With background of sea and sand. 17¼" x 21½". *Only* **1.98**

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WANTED

Pictured above is Ralph Ginzburg, publisher of the most notorious and wanted magazines of the 20th Century.

First he launched the quarterly **Eros**, a magazine dedicated to the joys of love and sex. **Eros** was an instantaneous *succès de scandale* and over a quarter of a million people ordered subscriptions, despite the fact that they cost $25. But the U.S. Post Office declared **Eros** "obscene" and drove it out of business (and, incidentally, obtained for Ginzburg a five-year prison sentence, which has since been appealed).

Then he brought out the crusading bimonthly **Fact**, which was the first major American magazine to inveigh against U.S. involvement in Vietnam, cigarette advertising in the mass media, and Detroit's ruthless disregard for car safety (Ralph Nader was a **Fact** discovery). The intellectual community was galvanized by **Fact** and bought—devoured!—over half a million copies, despite the fact that **Fact** was not available at most newsstands (most newsdealers found it too controversial) and it was priced at a steep $1.25. But certain Very Important Persons got mad at **Fact**—including Barry Goldwater, who sued the magazine for $2 million—and it, too, was driven out of business.

Undaunted, Ginzburg rallied his forces and last year launched still a third magazine, **Avant-Garde**, which he describes as "a pyrotechnic, futuristic bimonthly of intellectual pleasure." This magazine, he predicted, "will be my wildest yet, and most universally wanted."

From all indications, Ginzburg's prediction is proving correct. Although still in its infancy, **Avant-Garde** already enjoys a readership of over one million, while its growth rate is one of the phenomena of modern publishing. Newsdealers report deliveries of copies sold out within a matter of minutes. Dentists report that **Avant-Garde** is the magazine in their waiting rooms most frequently purloined. And librarians order duplicate—and even triplicate—subscriptions in order to provide replacements for worn-out copies (and perhaps to obtain fresh copies for their own personal delectation). Everywhere, citizens who are normally upright, respectable, and law-abiding are being tempted to beg, borrow, or steal copies of **Avant-Garde**, the most spellbinding and desperately sought-after magazine in America today.

What makes **Avant-Garde** such a tutti-frutti frappe of a magazine? Why is it in such insane demand? How does it differ from other magazines? The answer is threefold:

First, **Avant-Garde** is such rollicking great fun. Each issue really socks it to you with uproarious satire, irreverent interviews, madcap cartoons, cherry-bomb editorials, deliberately biased reportage, demoniacal criticism, x-ray profiles, supernova fiction, and outrageous ribaldry. From cover to cover, **Avant-Garde** is a careening joy ride of intellectual pleasure.

Second, **Avant-Garde** stones readers with its mind-blowing beauty. It brings to the printed page a transcendental new kind of high. This is achieved through a combination of pioneering printing methods and the genius of Herb Lubalin, who is **Avant-Garde**'s art director (and, incidentally, America's foremost graphic designer). In just the first few months of its existence, **Avant-Garde** has won more awards for design excellence than any other magazine in the world.

Third, **Avant-Garde** captivates readers with articles that have something to *say*. They're more than just filler between advertisements, as in most other magazines. Perhaps the best way to prove this is to list for you the kinds of articles **Avant-Garde** prints:

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The Censorship of G.I. Reading Matter in Vietnam

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Nabokov's Complaint—The author of *Lolita* and *Ada* in a damning denunciation of Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint*.

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"In Gold We Trust"—A satire on America's changing spiritual values, by Dan ("How to Be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

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Editorial

The Moratorium, the War and the Empire

THE MASSIVE ERUPTION of national anti-war sentiment touched off by the Viet-Nam Moratorium is an historic event. It represents an unprecedented broadening of anti-war protest, as well as a vindication of the young militants who fought at the Oakland Induction Center, massed at the Pentagon, were bloodied in Chicago and over the years built a tenacious resistance to the war and its institutions. When the militants were a minority, their case against the war and their prescription for ending it ("Withdraw the Troops Now") were scorned and ignored by the establishment-controlled media and by all of the "respectable" politicians. The American people, confused and manipulated by official lies about the nature of the war and the chances of victory, suppressed their own nagging doubts.

But on the eve of the Moratorium, a new perspective on the war and its domestic opponents revealed itself among the guardians of the nation's truth. From the major magazines to the TV networks and newspapers, the mass media were unnaturally sympathetic in their advance coverage—and hence not a little responsible for the Moratorium's success. Time itself carried a highly sympathetic cover story on the coming event which displayed a "V" sign and asked: "Will today's Vietniks become tomorrow's majority?"

Nor were the media alone. Hitherto hawkish, silent or conspicuously cautious political figures such as the Republican governor of Massachusetts joined the protest so as not to be left off the Moratorium bandwagon. There was even the improbable spectacle of former Under-secretary of Defense and attorney for General Dynamics, Roswell Gilpatric, a major figure in the Pentagon during much of the escalation, reading the list of war dead in a Moratorium-sponsored activity.

To understand this noteworthy transformation of attitudes on the part of the establishment toward a war which they had promoted and defended from the outset, one has to go back to the early days of 1968—before the McCarthy crusade, before Chicago—to a time when the sage of the Pedernales appeared to be a permanent fixture in the White House for the next five years. It was the National Liberation Front of South Viet-Nam which upset the Potomac oracles early in 1968 with the trauma of the Tet offensive. Tet shattered once and for all the myth of American invincibility, creating serious divisions within the Johnson Administration, and making it clear to the American public for the first time that Viet-Nam was a bloody and bottomless pit.

This military debacle, coupled with mounting domestic inflation and an international monetary crisis in which the diversion of resources and the flow of dollars to Viet-Nam were critical factors, caused many Viet-Nam hawks in the higher business circles to begin a reappraisal of the war. Their new thinking was reflected in a Wall Street Journal editorial at the time which warned that by continued escalation in the face of these crises, President Johnson was endangering the stability of the entire "free enterprise" system for the sake of one outpost in Asia (and one job in Washington).

This is not to say that the old hawks should now somehow be refused permission to call for troop withdrawals, or the press to help build anti-war demonstrations—indeed these shifts and their consequences are genuine victories. But the men and their motives should be clearly understood so that the nature and scope—and the dangers—of such victories may be perceived.

The primary change in establishment policy from which all else naturally flows was the shift that led Lyndon Johnson to forsake the presidency and move from escalation to disengagement from the war. The immediate cause of Johnson's action was the fact that a group of the most powerful men in America changed their minds about the war. Johnson bowed to them, and since then men and events seem to have fallen gradually but inexorably into line. The basic story of that critical juncture in March 1969 has emerged from various

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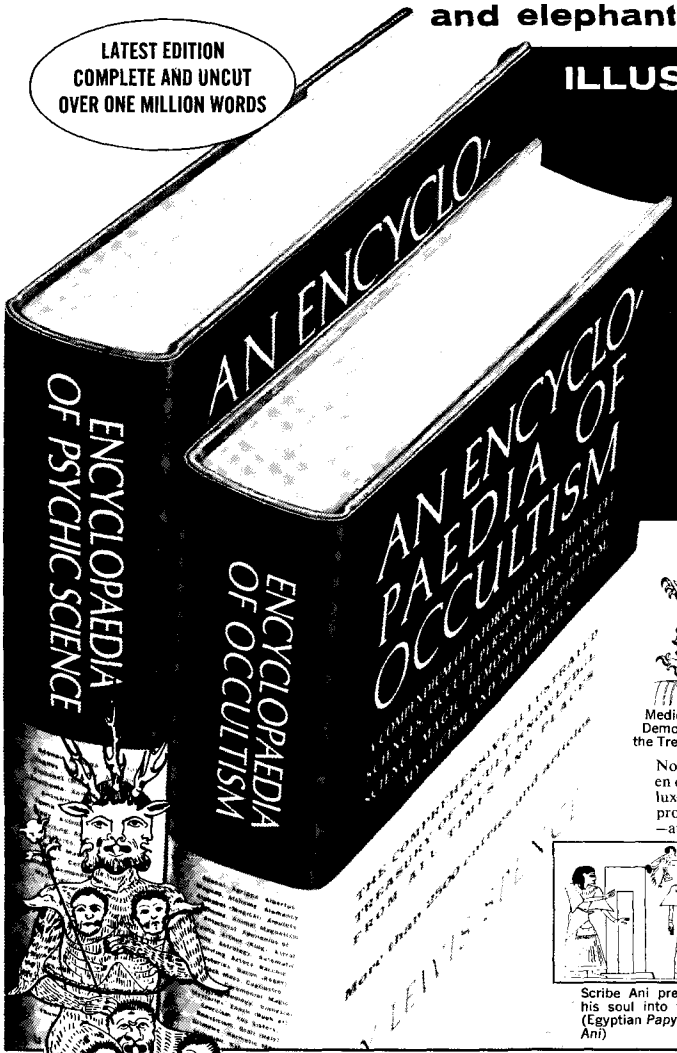

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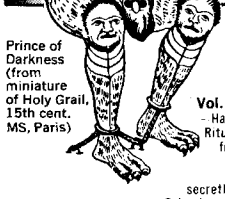

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inside accounts in Newsweek and elsewhere.

On March 25 and 26 an extraordinary assembly, called the Vietnam Senior Advisory Group, convened in Washington, D.C. The participants might best be described as trustees for the American Corporate Empire; aside from the generals (some of whom, like Maxwell Taylor, had retired into corporate gray flannels), they were Wall Street lawyers, financiers and industrialists with a primary concern in the international sphere: Dean Acheson of Covington and Burling; Douglas Dillon of Dillon, Read & Co., investment bankers for Standard Oil's Asian division; George Ball, chairman of the international division of Lehman Brothers, one of the giants of the investment banking field; Robert Murphy of the Morgan bank; Arthur Dean, successor to John Foster Dulles at Sullivan and Cromwell, Wall Street's premier law firm; and John J. McCloy, the dean of the Wall Street establishment, a former chairman of the Rockefellers' Chase Manhattan Bank, and former chairman of the board of the Ford Foundation.

After two days of briefings, a majority of the participants concluded that a strict cost accounting of U.S. interests dictated a reversal in the nation's Viet-Nam policy. In the words of Defense Department official Townsend Hoopes, Dean Acheson (who was sitting next to the President at lunch) summarized the consensus by saying that "military victory in Viet-Nam was impossible under conditions consistent with U.S. interests and that the fundamental U.S. purpose should be to get out rather than further in."

Until this meeting was held, Johnson had been planning to present a hawkish major policy speech to the American people. One week afterward, however, a reluctant LBJ went before the TV cameras to announce the first unilateral American de-escalation—and his intention not to run for a second presidential term.

What must be recognized about this de-escalation movement is that the concessions of the elite have been wrenched from them by people committed to making the war too costly for them to pursue. This has meant unparalleled determination and sacrifice on the part of the Vietnamese, for it is they who defeated the U.S. attempt to subjugate their country.

Arch-hawk McGeorge Bundy, who left the Johnson Administration to head the Ford Foundation, summed up the costs of the war last year when he came around to calling for substantial troop withdrawals. "It is plainly unacceptable," he said, "that we should continue with an annual cost of $30 billion and an annual rate of sacrifice of more than 10,000 American lives. It is equally wrong to accept the increasing bitterness and polarization of our people. There is a special pain in the growing alienation of a generation which is the best we have had."

The Americans to whom a debt of gratitude is owed for forcing a reversal of Viet-Nam policy—the true American heroes of the Viet-Nam war—are precisely those who pain McGeorge Bundy most. They are the young militants who forced the issue, "polarized our people" and would not allow the crimes of Viet-Nam to leave America placid and undisturbed. To speak of a debt of gratitude, however, is not merely to demand a courteous sentiment. In the most concrete terms it means defending those who are still paying the price of having been out in front—in particular the Conspiracy Eight now being prosecuted in Chicago under the "anti-riot" provision of the 1968 Civil Rights Act for their part in the demonstrations that occurred during the 1968 Democratic Convention.

The decision on the part of the Justice Department to stage this trial is a warning that repression will not cease with the ending of the war. On the contrary, the repression is likely to grow more serious as the war ends and the government attempts to go after radicals, presuming them to be vulnerable because they will no longer be protected by anti-war sentiment. The masses of people who now support the anti-war movement are expected to sink back into complacency, leaving the radical leaders standing out in front once again, isolated and easily picked off. This, along with various soothing concessions, for example on the draft, is expected to prevent the lessons of Viet-Nam from being transformed into more broad-based radical action. Our defense of the Chicago Eight must be made not merely on a civil liberties basis; it must be a defense of their vision of a militant movement willing to take to the streets to fight the system of imperialism that makes Viet-Nam possible.

THE DISILLUSIONMENT OF THE establishment policy-makers over Viet-Nam goes no deeper and no further than the cost disadvantages they see in the war. "To say that the burden of this war must now be lifted," says Bundy, "is not at all to say that it should never have been fought." What this means is that in the coming months there will be an important but often subtle and hidden struggle for the minds of the new found mass constituency of the Moratorium. There are those among the Moratorium's leadership who would like to mobilize that constituency for electoral politics-as-usual, without making any fundamental challenge to the powers and interests that led us into Viet-Nam in the first place.

What the crises of the last decade have taught us, however, is that what is needed is not another changing of the guard but a changing of the system. The job of the radicals in the Moratorium is to convince the new protesters that Viet-Nam is no simple aberration, but rather the natural outgrowth of a system that seeks to lock the third world into a permanent state of indentured servitude.

"Changing the system" must first of all mean a liquidation of the global empire that has grown to such mammoth proportions in the post World War II era. If that empire is not broken up, then withdrawal from Viet-Nam will merely mean cutting losses in one war to save energy for the next. The Korean War, it will be remembered, was ended with great fanfare 13 years ago. But the U.S. remained an imperial presence in Korea and the only foreign power with troops there —and Viet-Nam was not long following. A similar attempt will now be made to cool off the Viet-Nam war without leaving Viet-Nam. Or Thailand. Or Laos.

No major political figure of either party, from McCarthy to Kennedy, McGovern to Lindsay, has yet called for a withdrawal from the American Empire. Yet that is the real key to peace. Everything else can only be illusory. If the resources of the underdeveloped world are not left to those nations to control and develop, and if the U.S. military arm is not withdrawn—not only from Southeast Asia, but from all of Asia, Africa and Latin America—then we are destined to walk down the already visible path of national suicide, and even perhaps global annihilation. October 23, 1969

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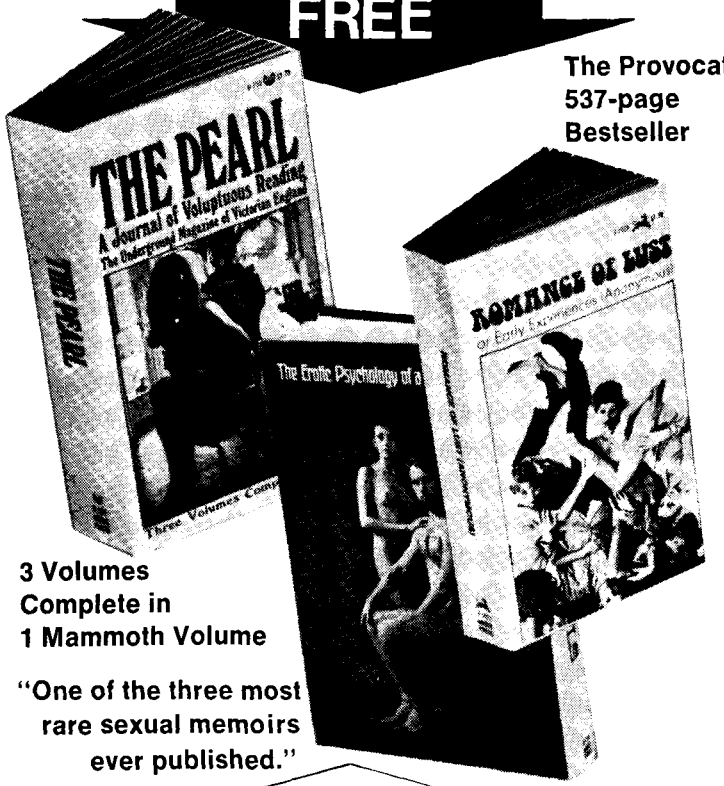

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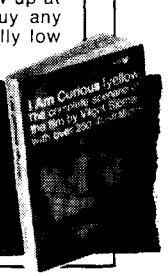

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I AM CURIOUS (yellow)

The complete scenario and over 250 still photos from the sensational Swedish film. It is yours as an extra free bonus on this Anniversary simply for saving the bother of bookkeeping and billing on your introductory subscription.

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Pig buttons, pig bumper stickers, pig ads in the New York Times, pig campaign offices all over the country! Far out! Everybody kept asking us, "We know what you are against, but what are you for?" Finally we found something to be for: a pig for president! At last, a positive program!

Inside the Great Pigasus Plot

[THE NOMINATION AND ELECTION OF PIGASUS, THE PIG, AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES]

OUR CAMPAIGN SLOGAN: "*Why take half a hog when you can have the whole hog?*" We could see the yippie festival now: a dramatic mock convention with potsmoke-filled caucus rooms and delegates from Middle Earth, Aquarius, New Mexico and the Lower East Side.

"The delegate from Telegraph Avenue gives 50 votes . . . to the pig!" The masses cheer.

But the candidacy of the pig threw the yippies into heavy factional fighting. Some yippies wanted to kill Pigasus at a gigantic pig roast for everybody to eat. The Democrats nominate their presidential candidate and *he* eats *the people*. We nominate our candidate and *we* eat *him*. We devour our candidate before he devours us.

Only one political issue could divide the yippies. We had no problems with capitalism (against), Albania (against), free sex (for), ABM (for). But vegetarianism almost destroyed us.

Nobody objected on the basis of pigs not being kosher, even though yippies are Jewish hippies. But Ed Sanders refused to have any part of a political party that was going to take the life of any beating heart.

Open war broke out when we arrived in Chicago. I got pissed off when Abbie went off to a farm and brought back a cute, white, tiny little Petunia Pig. "Our Pigasus has got to be the smelliest, most repulsive hog that ever stunk up the earth! Just to look at him has got to make you puke," I said.

The yippies had a showdown that almost came to blows and public denunciations. Through the pig we were trying to define yippie. Was yippie trying to make America laugh? Or was yippie ready to blow America up? Abbie and Paul agreed to keep Petunia out of the presidential sweepstakes if we could find an uglier one.

We didn't know anything about pigs. I heard that Jim of the Head Shop once lived on a farm. I called him up and asked him if he knew anything about pigs. "A little," he said, and the next day we piled into a car, $25 in our pockets, and we were on our way to heartland America, rural Illinois, to buy the next president of the United States.

The first hog farm we came to had 400-pound hogs.

Were they ever beautiful!

I mean ugly! They were so ugly they were beautiful. They were perfect presidential material.

One even had the face of a Supreme Court justice.

The more a pig weighed, the uglier he was. Also the hotter. If we took a 400-pound hog into the city, he'd have a heart attack and die. What about the theater of our candidate dying in the middle of his acceptance speech at the Picasso statue! Could America psychologically take the death of a third major public figure?

We arrived at a second farm and saw pigs in all ages and sizes. We started laughing. We laughed so hard our insides hurt. Did the Big Wheels of the Democratic Party have as much fun picking their candidate? We wished we could bring the whole sty to Chicago. *I mean pigs really do need a bath.* They offend the sensibilities.

We met the man in a straw hat who ran the farm. "I hear a lot of demonstrators are coming to Chicago this week," he said. That's how he saw the Democratic Convention. When I heard that I knew we'd won before the battle had even begun.

We told him we needed a pig for a school play. We pulled out $25. "Take any one you want," he said. Fifty black-and-grey pigs were running around. Man, they were dirty. And fuck, they smelled like pig shit. The farmer told us to catch our own. We looked at each other, uptight; none of us ever had the opportunity to chase a pig before.

The pigs were uptight too. They ran whenever we approached. So we chased pigs until we backed one into a corner. Jim held him by the tail while we all got ahold of him. He was

by Jerry Rubin

Illustration by George Willett

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"We demanded that Pigasus be flown to the Texas White House immediately for foreign policy briefings..."

six months old and weighed 200 pounds. The new presidential candidate was ready to begin his long descent to the White House.

We all crowded together into the truck. It was hot. Pigasus jumped up and down ferociously. Every ten minutes we had to pull into a gas station to pour water over him. He kept screeching and freaking out. But he didn't mess with us once. I learned a heavy lesson: *four-legged pigs aren't violent.*

The goal was to take Pigasus to the Picasso statue in Civic Center to declare his candidacy. Lawyers told us we would violate a disorderly conduct statute by bringing a farm animal into the city. What if Humphrey were bringing Ringling Bros. Barnum and Bailey Circus into the city as a publicity stunt? Would they arrest Hubert? All laws are political.

Could we get Pigasus to Civic Center before the cops snatched him? We had set up a big international press conference, so the cops were hip to it. It would be a coup for the cops to pick up Pigasus first, thwarting the dramatic myth that would go across the world.

The police, expecting some of us to go pick up the pig, parked outside the house where we slept. So we got up early one morning and took the cops on an hour-and-a-half wild pig chase, while another car quietly went off to get the pig.

The scene at Civic Center was packed with TV, radio, newspapermen and FBI agents. The car with the pig arrived, and yippies began singing, "God Bless America," while herding the screaming pig into the Civic Center Plaza.

Ten two-legged Chicago pigs grabbed us before Pigasus could utter *one oink*. "Democracy is bullshit in America!" I shouted as we were grabbed. "They won't even let our candidate make his own acceptance speech!"

They threw seven of us into a paddywagon and slammed the door. Then they opened the door again and threw in Pigasus. We rode to jail with our candidate. We were waiting to be fingerprinted when a fat Chicago cop entered the room and said, "Gentlemen, I have bad news. All of you face pretty heavy charges.

"The pig squealed on you."

Pigasus dominated everyone's consciousness during the Democratic Convention. "Well, he's as good as all the other candidates," said a waitress, a typical response to Pigasus' campaign promise of garbage. But the Pig angrily accused the United States government of rigging the election against him. His basic campaign demand was that everyone in the world should be allowed to vote in the American election because America controls the world.

We demanded Pigasus be flown to the Texas White House immediately for foreign policy briefings like all the other candidates. We also demanded Secret Service protection.

Instead, wherever Pigasus tried to campaign—in San Francisco, New York, even London—he was busted. Each time we just went to a farm and got another candidate. Pigs are just like Democrats and Republicans: one is as good as another.

Some people say the yippies are a put-on. Who was a greater put-on, Pigasus or McCarthy? McCarthy told us to cut our hair and go back into the system to get votes for him to end the war.

That didn't work, so McCarthy got down on all fours and told his supporters to vote for the Hump.

Pigasus, true to his word, supported no other pig but himself.

After living through a lot of experiences with Pigasus, including arrest and incarceration, the yippies grew fond of Pigasus.

We insult four-legged pigs when we call policemen "pigs." Four-legged pigs are not violent or sadistic. They just love to roll around in their own shit and eat it.

They're hedonists—with bad taste.

What are pigs but yippies on a lower scale of evolution?

[MY "BODYGUARD" TURNS OUT TO BE A CZECHAGO PIG]

SUNNY WAS EIGHT INCHES TALLER THAN ME. She had tattoes on her arms and legs. I didn't need a bodyguard. But the idea of a giant blond chick bodyguard vibrated good theater. Sunny looked down at me and said, "Don't worry, Jerry. I got a piece." She pointed to her purse.

Two minutes later Sunny introduced me to Bob. He was dressed in a black leather jacket, black tee-shirt, black vest, boots, black helmet, sunglasses and a two-day beard.

Bob and Sunny hung around for a while. They brought me ice cream.

Bob kept telling me to eat and sleep well.

He told me to take care of my health.

He was like a Jewish mother.

He was a drag.

One night we were together when the cops threw tear gas into Lincoln Park, and Bob zoomed off like a scared motherfucker.

I gave him a powerful pill and told him to go home. It was a drug 1000 times more powerful than acid. Bob swallowed the pill, jumped on his motorcycle, and roared off into Yippie-Trip Land.

10 p.m. Wednesday. The last remaining warriors were running through the streets escaping from the cops after the Battle of the Hilton. We ducked into a restaurant. A suspicious man walked behind us.

We started running down the street.

Suddenly a car careened up, and four men jumped out.

"Jerry Rubin, Jerry Rubin, we love you," one guy yelled.

"I'm going home," I muttered.

"We'll take you home," they shouted, grabbing me by the hair.

Nancy was thrown aside. "You want to come too, sister?"

They forced me into an unmarked car and sped away.

"*We're going to put you in a bag and drop you in the river, Rubin.*"

"*Whenever you're on the streets, Rubin, there's trouble.*"

One porker radioed: "We got Jerry Rubin."

They took me to pig headquarters. A small room, the public office of America's political police, the Red Squad—those overweight dudes who hang around the fringes of demonstrations with cameras and tiny tape recorders, sport shirts falling

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**100,000 signed this Declaration during the JOHNSON Administration.
NIXON is allowing death and destruction to continue and to increase.
Pressure and action against the war are needed.**

Individuals Against the Crime of Silence

A Declaration To Our Fellow Citizens Of The United States, To The Peoples Of The World, And To Future Generations:

1 We are appalled and angered by the conduct of our country in Vietnam.

2 In the name of liberty, we have unleashed the awesome arsenal of the greatest military power in the world upon a small agricultural nation, killing, burning and mutilating its people. In the name of peace, we are creating a desert. In the name of security, we are inviting world conflagration.

3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

We Therefore wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that the U.S. is violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest—To Object—To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

ABE AJAY
JAMES BALDWIN
(FATHER) J. E. BAMBERGER, M.D., OCSO
DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.
REV. PHILLIP BERRIGAN, S.S.J.
RAY BRADBURY
ROBERT McAFFEE BROWN
REV. WILLIAM H. DU BAY
JAMES FARMER
W. H. FERRY
DR. JEROME D. FRANK
REV. STEPHEN H. FRITCHMAN
BEN GAZZARA
DR. FRED GOLDSTEIN
NAOMI L. GOLDSTEIN
DR. RALPH R. GREENSON
PROF. ABRAHAM J. HESCHEL
BRIG. GENERAL H. B. HESTER, RET.
DR. STANLEY HOFFMAN
TERESSA B. HOFFMAN
CHARLES H. HUBBEL
SANDER L. JOHNSON, ESQ.
PROF. DONALD KALISH
EDWARD M. KEATING
PHIL KERBY
RING LARDNER, JR.
RABBI RICHARD N. LEVY
LOUIS LICHT, ESQ.
DR. ROBERT E. LITMAN
VICTOR LUDWIG
HERBERT D. MAGIDSON
SHIRLEY MAGIDSON
NORMAN MAILER
THOMAS MERTON
SIDNEY MEYER
EASON MONROE
PROF. HANS J. MORGENTHAU
HENRY E. NILES
DR. MARK F. ORFIRER
AVA HELEN PAULING
DR. LINUS PAULING
BISHOP JAMES A. PIKE
RICHARD M. POWELL
CARL REINER
JANICE RULE
ROBERT RYAN
DAVID SCHOENBRUN
LORRY SHERMAN
PROF. ROBERT SIMMONS
DR. BENJAMIN SPOCK
FRED H. STEINMETZ, ESQ.
DR. NORMAN TABACHNICK
D. IAN THIERMANN
BRYNA IVENS UNTERMEYER
LOUIS UNTERMEYER
DICK VAN DYKE
ROBERT VAUGHN
DR. MAURICE N. WALSH
DR. HARVEY WHEELER
A. L. WIRIN, ESQ.

I wish to sign my name to the above Declaration to the United Nations and want to go on record with this Declaration of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence.

signature

For clarity, also print your name after your signature

address date

city state zip

Sign, complete and mail to P.O. Box 69960, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069. The office of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence will then forward the information to the United Nations.

Should you also wish to support additional publishings and communications, send $1 or more in cash or by check made payable to Individuals Against the Crime of Silence. . . . This donation entitles you to the lapel emblem, the wallet-size registration card and four personalized letter replicas of the Declaration for you to individually send on to the President and your U.S. senators and congressman. Money is needed to speed our progress.

The strength of our numbers will regularly and effectively be made known. Your signature does have power.

TEAR OUT ALONG THE DOTTED LINE AND MAIL

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"Those who really created Chicago: Holden Caulfield, Caryl Chessman, Elvis Presley, Bonnie Parker. . . ."

over their pants to conceal their guns. They try to act real chummy with us ("Hi, Tom! How you doing, Martin!") while they collect dossiers and plot our destruction.

They shouted questions at me:

"Who won, Jerry? Who won?"

"You guys ever take baths?"

"You each have your own girlfriends or do you sleep with each other's?"

"What are you going to do if you take over the government?"

"Why not get your guns and fight it out now? We're ready."

"You communicate with the Chinese commies?"

"Jerry, do you like Chicago? You're gonna be in jail here for a long time," said the Top Red Squad Pig.

"How could I have caused the riots—I know personally only a couple of hundred people in Chicago?"

"How many people do you know?" Pig said.

"124."

"It shoulda been 123," he replied.

Cops packed into the small room to get a front row seat for the midnight theater. There were about 30 in the room.

Suddenly appearing at the door, looking at me with cold, hard, freaked-out eyes was Bob, slick-haired, clean-shaven, dressed in a suit.

A few hours later I was charged with a felony, "solicitation to commit mob action," on Bob Pierson's testimony—and jailed on $25,000 bail, more than the bail for accused murderers.

The Chicago Tribune's banner headline the next day blazed:

"How Cop Spied On The Yippies: Unshaven, Unbathed,
He Infiltrated Top Ranks To Gain Secrets,
Made Bodyguard For Chieftain."

The New York Daily News revealed that Bob copped my "secret diary" and "turned it over to his superiors after Pierson picked a 'fight' with another officer, was knocked down, and placed under arrest."

Then came the December issue of Official Detective Stories:

"Exclusive! Behind The Yippies' Plans To Wreck
The Democrats' Convention."

with Bob's own sensational fantasy about how he became my "bodyguard":

"A fight broke out near where we were loafing and I waded in and broke it up, sending the combatants scattering in different directions.

"*I knew that Jerry Rubin was nearby and that was my main reason for intervening. I demonstrated to him that I was not afraid and that I was tough.*

"Within an hour there was another fight—also within Rubin's sight—and I broke that up, too."

"The third time that afternoon, the combatants were a little tougher and not so easily frightened. However, because of my size and my previous training, both as a policeman and as a counter intelligence agent, I knew tricks of fighting that these tough young men didn't.

"Before I could stop this fracas, I had to administer beatings to three different men. By the time I was through with them, they had a healthy respect for my ability.

"*All this was witnessed by Jerry Rubin—I had entered the fray for his benefit, though he didn't know it—and he was so impressed that he conferred with [Abbie] Hoffman, who agreed to let me go so that I could become Rubin's personal bodyguard.*"

Bob eliminated Sunny from his super-acid hallucination, because there is nothing very mythic about taking advantage of a chick. Sensational battles and beatings make better prove-your-manhood myths. Sunny had to skip town because Pierson busted her on a felony.

"I joined in with the chants and taunts against the police and provoked the police into hitting me with their clubs. They didn't know who I was, but they did know that I had called them names and struck them with one or more weapons."

An undercover cop is some trip! To glorify his own fantasy, he glorifies the people he spies on and makes us 1000 feet tall.

Pierson turned us all into Super-Freeks, capable of taking more dope, fucking more chicks, killing more pigs, blowing up more buildings, and throwing more shit than all of the regular freeks in the world put together.

If there is ever a Hollywood movie about the yippies, Bob Pierson should write the screenplay.

Big Bob is a yippie.

He lives his fantasies.

[PIERSON: MARGIN NOTES]

When we were under a tree meditating, did Pierson think he was saving the Democratic National Convention?

* * * *

"The last couple of days I was home before going underground I carefully avoided bathing."

* * * *

"By that time, it had been several days since I'd had a bath and the stench alone was enough to put me in solid with the demonstrators."

* * * *

"If these were children, where were their parents? Why weren't they at home, instead of in a far-off city with the avowed purpose of stirring up trouble?"

* * * *

"I arranged with my police contact to leave notes in the men's room in Lincoln Park, because many of the yippies don't bother to use toilets, but dispose of their human waste out in the open."

* * * *

"I saw yippie leaders stuffing narcotics into cream-filled cookies to be fed to demonstrators when they confronted the police. I didn't know what the drug was, but I was told that it would give the young people the kind of jolt that would make them ferocious when they fought the pigs."

* * * *

"The girls wore dresses with nothing under them and to give photographers and the boys a thrill, they raised their dresses above their heads. The boys unzipped their pants and exposed themselves to passersby."

* * * *

"Some, maybe, were idealists, but when I'm faced with

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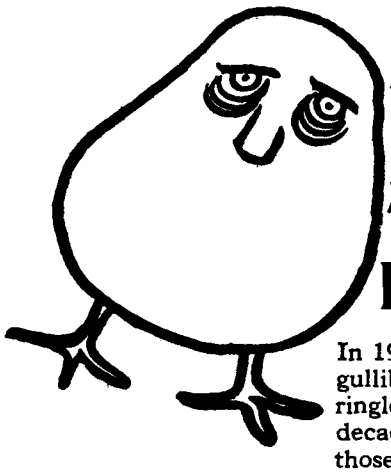

The Up Your Tenth Anniversary Issue Of The Realist Editorial Giggy Trip

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- The Decline and Fall of the Yippie Empire
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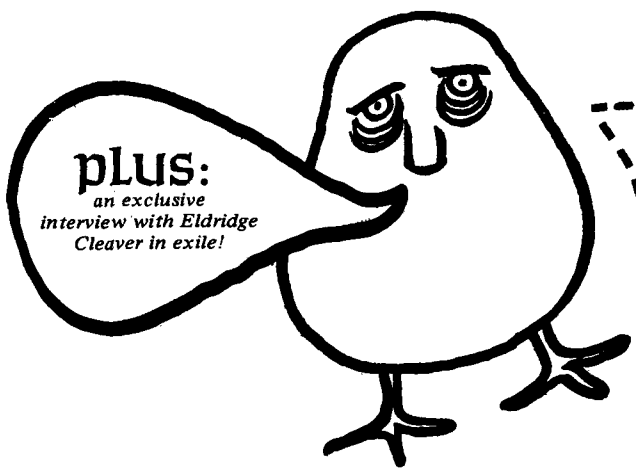
- Did Adolf Eichmann Practice Transcendental Meditation?
- How I Took an LSD Trip with Hugh Hefner and discovered the Message of Marshall McLuhan
- The Rise of Sirhan Sirhan in the Scientology Hierarchy
- The Night Columbia Students Didn't Take Over A Radio Station But the Cops Came Anyway
- An Example of Norman Mailer's Incurable Megalomania
- Why Lenny Bruce Started Using Dirty Words on Stage And What Was His Sex Life Really Like?
- Rosemerica's Baby—a comic strip on political witchcraft
- The Living Bra Is Dead in Atlantic City—or, Tomorrow Miss World
- Inside the House UnAmerican Activities Circus
- The Foreplay and Rape of Fillmore East Under The Anarchist Direction of the Living Theatre



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young people who don't bathe day after day, week after week, I can't take their idealism seriously."

[HOW AMERICAN AIRLINES, SPIRO AGNEW'S MOMMA, WALTER CRONKITE, UNCLE HO AND A MILLION SPIRITS CONSPIRED TO BURN CZECHAGO DOWN]

DIG PAVLOV AND HIS DOG SPOT: ring the bell and then give Spot food. Soon Spot salivates whenever you ring the bell. *Conditioning*. Aided by thousands of mercenary psychologists from the universities, Madison Avenue got the American people in the 1950's to salivate whenever they heard the bell: "Communism."

"*The Negro people have been given a raw deal for centuries, but the Communists are using the Civil Rights Movement, so we got to stop them.*"

The politician rings the bell. The people froth and quiver. So much for Negroes. Next problem?

"*South Viet-Nam is no democracy like the United States, but the Viet Cong are Communists, so the Vietnamese are better dead than red.*"

The politician hits the bell, and the American people slobber all over their red-white-and-blue bow ties.

But then a Wonderful Thing happened. Children were born. Children were born who get no bad vibes when we hear the name "Stalin."

We get sexually aroused at the mention of "revolution."

We get high on "yippie."

And we puke at the sound of "Nixon."

The government is frantic to find the *word* to make the American people drool again. They even have a semanticist named Hayakawa carrying out big-scale field work at San Francisco State College.

They are trying out a lot of words.

The most popular one now is "*conspiracy.*"

They arrested seven Berkeley radicals for *conspiracy* to commit a misdemeanor—trespassing—during Stop the Draft Week. Conspiracy to commit a misdemeanor is a felony: dig the semantics!

They busted teenagers in Toledo for *conspiracy* to smoke dope.

They busted the cast of Lennox Rafael's *Che* in New York for *conspiracy* to commit consensual sodomy.

Twenty-one New York Black Panthers were arrested for *conspiring* to blow up department stores and the Botanical Gardens.

And they arrested Black Panther Bobby Seale, Dave Dellinger, Tom Hayden, Rennie Davis, Abbie, Lee Weiner, John Froines and me for *conspiring* to cross state lines to eat suckling pig in Chicago.

According to yippie semanticists, "conspiracy" comes from the Latin root meaning "to breathe together." Our crime is that we breathe. The crime becomes a felony when we breathe together. The seriousness of the felony mounts as more people start breathing together at the same time in the same place.

We *are* The Conspiracy. We're the biggest, baddest motherfucking Conspiracy you ever saw.

We got everybody on our side. Dig all the people who worked with us conspiring to plan the Chicago police riot.

The first conspirators were the airlines. American, United and TWA airlines flew all of us there *youth fare*. All you need to fly youth fare is long hair. All longhairs look alike. Posing as my 20-year-old piano student brother Gil, I traveled from New York to Chicago 600 times to further the conspiracy.

Spiro Agnew's proud momma gave us $500 to send our first yippie statement across the world.

But for real money, we went to the TV networks. We offered each network exclusive information about where scenes of police violence were going to occur. ABC refused to bid, but CBS and NBC fought like dogs.

We gave David Brinkley and Walter Cronkite auditions repeating the line: "Chicago is a police state." Cronkite made it sound more convincing, so we accepted his bread.

The network executives agreed their reporters would be physically beaten by Chicago cops in order to personalize the media's involvement with the story.

And there was Ho, who conspired with Dave Dellinger via International Telephone and Telegraph (every inch tapped and retapped by the FBI) to arrange the Viet Cong seizure of the American Embassy in Saigon to inspire our Chicago recruits with a will-to-win.

We sent the Justice Department a long list of conspirators to help them with their indictments for Chicago.

Top of the list was Bob Dylan—we learned it all from him:

The pump don't work
cause the vandals
stole the handle

What about Gene McCarthy? The yippies had a secret meeting with Gene one week after he entered the New Hampshire primary. We told him that he was going to raise naive hopes and cause a riot of outraged young straight people in Chicago. He dug it. (We sent a tape of that discussion to the Justice Department.)

Fuck, Danny the Red set France on fire three months before Chicago to shoot us up with adrenalin. And Mythic Mark Rudd Conquered Columbia to set the revolutionary dynamics in motion.

If the FBI wants to bust those who really created Chicago, they have to indict Holden Caulfield, Caryl Chessman, Elvis Presley, Charles Van Doren, Marilyn Monroe, Mary Jo Kopechne, Oswald Augustus Owsley, Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow, the Rolling Stones, Sherman Adams, Ken Kesey, Walter Jenkins, Billy the Kid, Bobby Baker, Tim Leary, the Lone Ranger, Gary Powers, Antonin Artaud, Abe Fortas, Country Joe McDonald, Gus Grissom, Lloyd Bucher, Janis Joplin, Jimmy Piersal, John Dillinger, Sybil Leek, Humphrey Bogart, the Marquis de Sade, Charlie Chaplin, and Rin-tin-tin.

Any list of conspiracy indictments must include everybody possessed by the spirit of freedom. But out of trillions, they selected only us eight.

And they completely forgot to indict those who conspired to create our conspiracy: Dickie Nixon and Dickie J. Daley.

The Conspiracy is a spirit dwelling in the land. It is bigger than all of us together.

People in Berkeley were walking down Telegraph Avenue one fine day, and without warning they were touched by the

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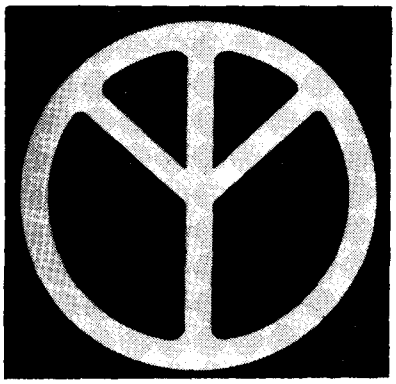
614 Suppose They Gave A War 24 x 37



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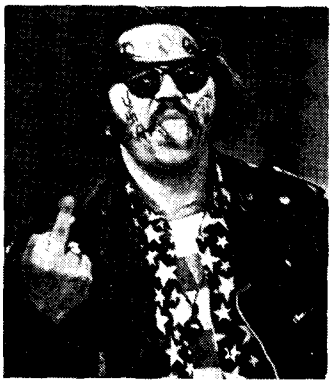

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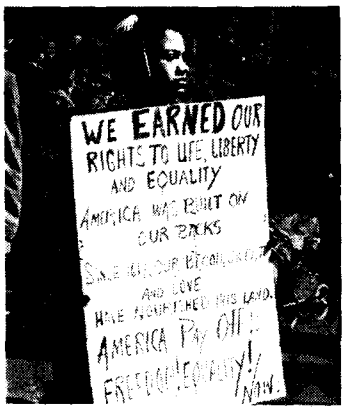

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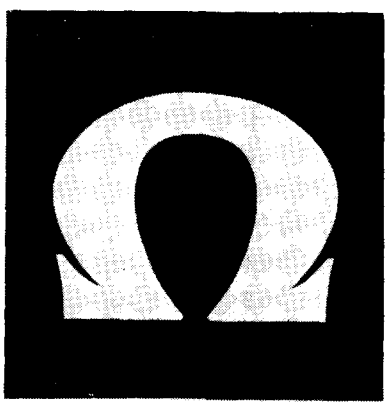
502 Pig 30 x 40

521 Eldridge Cleaver 30 x 40

480 Huey Newton 30 x 40

466 La Lutte Continue 30 x 40

435 Baez Girls 30 x 40



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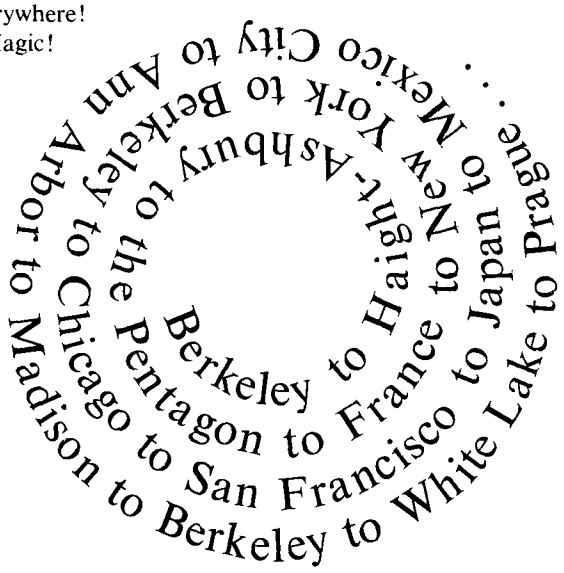
Revolution. The Conspiracy/spirit moved to the Pentagon where people became transformed by the spirit of Berkeley. And then to New York. Chicago. France. Back to Berkeley. Everywhere!

Magic!


Berkeley to Haight-Ashbury to New York to Berkeley to the Pentagon to France to Japan to Mexico City to Ann Arbor to Chicago to San Francisco to Prague to Madison to Berkeley to White Lake to

The Conspiracy is Cosmic.

[THE ACADEMY AWARD OF PROTEST ACCEPTANCE SPEECH]

THIS IS THE GREATEST HONOR OF MY LIFE. It is with sincere humility that I accept this federal indictment. It is the fulfillment of childhood dreams, climaxing years of hard work and fun. I wish to thank all those who made it possible: my mother, my father, my brother, my woman Nancy, Stew and Gumbo, Spartacus, Tom Paine, the Boston Tea Party, Ho, Che, Fidel, Huey, Eldridge, Lenny Bruce, Paul Krassner, Pigasus, Ed Sanders, Martin Kenner, Abe Peck, Jeff Shero, Walter Cronkite, and last but not least—Richard J. Daley.

I realize the competition was fierce, and I congratulate the thousands who came to Chicago. I hope that I am worthy of this great indictment, the Academy Award of Protest.

With my indictment I join the list of outstanding world figures who have crossed state lines to create civil disturbance: the Beatles, Elvis Presley, the late Marilyn Monroe, Jim Morrison, the president of the United States and Joe Namath.

And you know who else is guilty? The hippies who dressed in psychedelic Indian clothes, boarded British ships and threw tea overboard in 1773! They crossed state lines with intent to destroy property.

Congress passed the anti-riot law as a warning to the game of football. Fans who cross state lines, and then tear down the goalposts, are subject to arrest.

The crime is not in the act, but your *intent* at the moment of crossing state lines. It is against the law to think bad thoughts while crossing a state line.

You can even break this law in your own home! A telephone call to someone in another state is enough. Or a letter. Or an interview on radio/TV which is broadcast from one state to another.

The yippies broke the anti-riot law when we mailed a postcard to Daley telling him that we were going to put LSD in the water supply!

You do not even have to be at the scene of the riot itself. You can jet-plane into a town, give a speech, and then jet 10,000 miles away. If a riot takes place after your speech, no matter where you are, you are guilty of "causing" it.

You can break this law without violence or damage to property.

A riot is defined as a "*threat of* violence or a *danger of* damage to property."

The yippies in Lincoln Park were a riot. So is a baseball crowd. A Beatles concert is a hell of a riot.

Where does one draw the line between "free speech" and "inciting to riot"? It's fairly simple.

If your speech is *ineffective*, it is protected by the Constitution.

If your speech is *effective*, you are "inciting to riot."

Effective speech—speech which moves people—is against the law.

Since crime-prevention is an essential aspect of law-enforcement, the anti-riot law requires a husky Police State for its enforcement.

The FBI is forced to tap our phones, sort through our garbage, and read our mail in search of violations before they happen.

How far off is the day when the FBI sets up checkpoints at state borders, examines "passports" and prohibits entrance to potential "rioters"?

Congress was in a mood described best as "mob rule" when it passed this law in 1968. The fires of Detroit and Newark were still smoking. Racist Southern congressmen wrote and lobbied for the anti-black bill, screaming that riots were fomented by a national conspiracy, agitators traveling from state to state, International Communism.

The purpose was to jail Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown. Congress hallucinated that there would be no riots if there were no agitators!

America thinks the "solution" to racial oppression is to pass laws against those who fight the oppressor.

As the Walker Report documented, the cops rioted. Our long hair incited cops to riot. We are indicted under the federal anti-riot law because our long hair incited cops to violence against us. These indictments are the personal responsibility of Richard Nixon. They were delayed for weeks awaiting specific and individual approval from the White House.

They represent a vicious attempt by the government to try to use punishment to stop demonstrations. But the major result of these indictments will be to excite every young kid across the country to want to cross state lines and become a "rioter" by the time he is a teenager.

Yippie!

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* * * *

Contributions to the legal defense of "The Conspiracy"—now on trial in Chicago for their part in the demonstrations during the 1968 Democratic convention—should be sent to: The Chicago Defense Fund, 28 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 60604.

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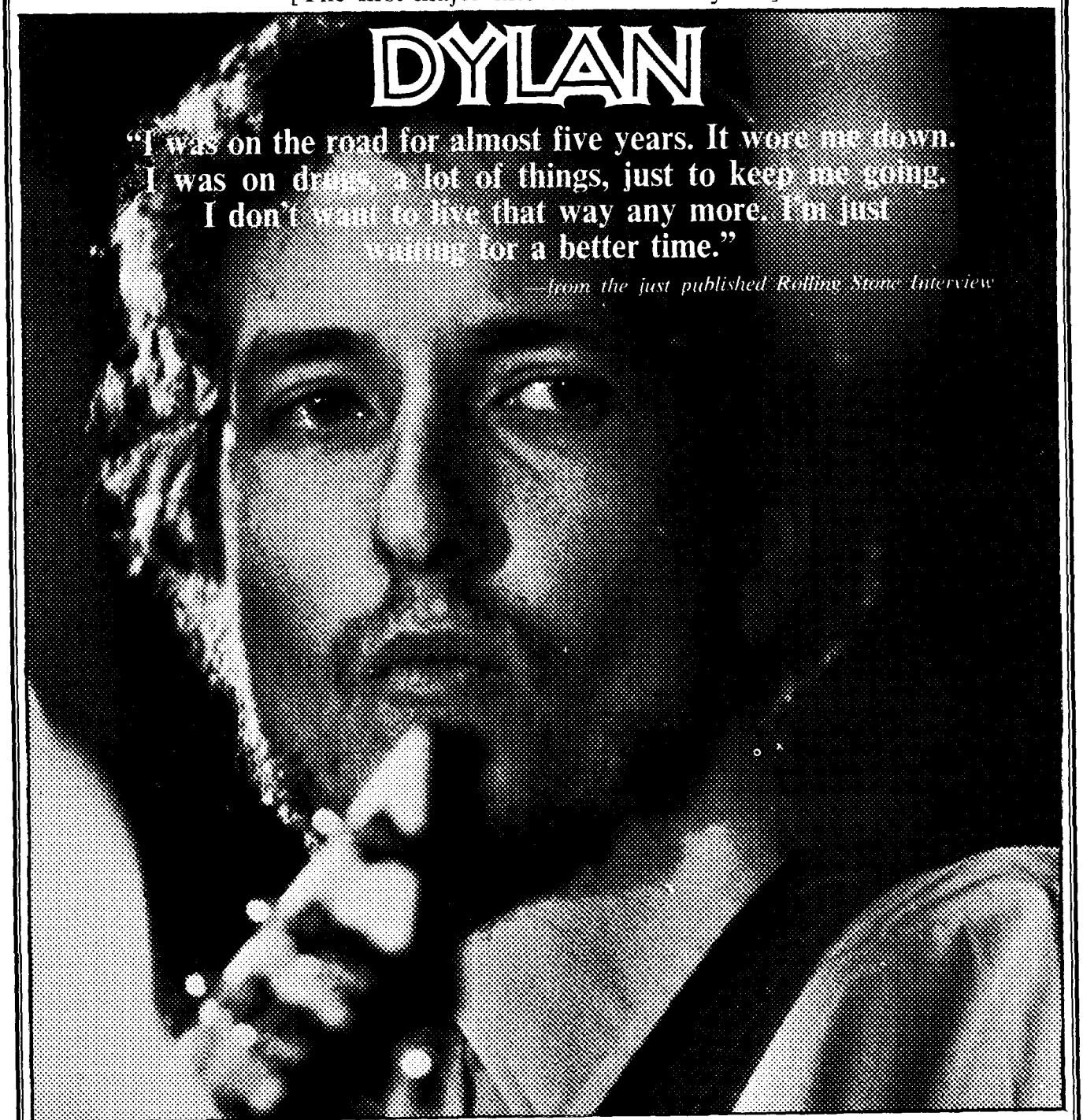
[The first major interview in three years]


DYLAN
"I was on the road for almost five years. It wore me down. I was on drugs, a lot of things, just to keep me going. I don't want to live that way any more. I'm just waiting for a better time."
—from the just published Rolling Stone Interview

A document of the New America.

"People up there were saying 'Boy, that's the second James Joyce,' and 'Jack Kerouac again,' and 'Homer Revisited'—they were all just talking through their heads." Dylan speaks frankly in his first major interview after three years of retreat. The entire, unedited interview is in the special second anniversary issue of Rolling Stone, the bi-weekly journal of rock and roll music and the new culture. The Dylan Interview is part of our continuing series of the documents of the New America. Bob Dylan, Rolling Stone—don't miss them now, the chance may not come again.

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Germ Warfare: for Alma Mater, [illegible] and Country

It is profoundly unnatural to use medicine to kill—for men to assist the primordial enemies of human life that every instinct moves us to abhor and combat. Yet we have in America a thriving biological warfare establishment, developing and preparing for use virulent agents more deadly than were ever contrived by nature itself.

This lethal machinery is not directed and operated by some band of hellish necromancers — some inhuman magicians of death. It is run as part of the ordinary business of society, involving in its operations not only huge military bases and the highest political institutions, but also several universities and even a pacifist church. And while the idea of a germ warfare arsenal is terrifying in itself, perhaps more terrifying is the society's capacity to fit CBW development so smoothly into its ordinary way of life.

We would like to think it impossible for normal men to involve themselves with biological warfare in any way. Yet a look at such involvement within various social spheres reveals some common patterns that help explain how easily it can happen and why. —THE EDITORS

[PART I]

For God

"*My first acquaintance with Operation Whitecoat came when . . . an old friend mentioned that he had just returned from duty [as a conscientious objector doing "non-combatant service"] at Fort Detrick, Maryland. While assigned there, he stated, he had been a subject, a human guinea pig, for experiments with diseases. . . . So it was with a little knowledge of the situation that I volunteered [also as a C.O.] for Operation Whitecoat in March of 1962. . . . One of the unusual aspects of being a volunteer was that during the times scheduled [in basic training] for injections to keep up our immunity to diseases of one type or another, the volunteers were excused and thus our built-up immunity was purposely allowed to disintegrate, allowing disease to get a head start on us. . . . During the 18 months that I was assigned to Fort Detrick as a human guinea pig volunteer, many projects were carried out. . . .*

"I volunteered for the next project. . . . One man . . . rejected the experiment, as he had gotten married and could take no chances with his health or his life. He was pressured but did not waiver in his stand. . . . We were told the project would last a minimum of 21 days and that we would receive $25 per pint of blood that would be drawn during the project. . . . At the beginning, we had been examined by the director of the project, a medical doctor devoted to his chosen profession. Each of us queried him as to the value of this particular project; however, we learned exactly what he wanted us to know and that was nothing. . . .

"There was some apprehension among the project members, as it was made known this was D-Day. Much blood had been drawn previously, and therefore another needle stick or two didn't bother us. What we were to learn this morning was that we would be injected with endotoxin [a poison obtained from dead bacteria]. This time both a nurse and Lt. Col. Biesel of the Army Medical Corps were present at the injection. He injected the needle deep into my vein and told me that shortly I should have some reaction. Pain medication in the form of pink and gray Darvon capsules were left on my bedside table. We were told to lie in bed until whatever happened was over. Within an hour, the top of my head felt like all the gremlins in Hades were inside trying to emerge by hitting the underside of my skull with sledge hammers. A dozen or a hundred, I couldn't have felt any worse if I had been hit by a speeding automobile. This type of endotoxin would surely slow down an enemy soldier who had been infected. The Darvon was there to use if the pain became severe enough, but an idiosyncrasy of mine is being unable to swallow capsules; thus I chose to bear the pain until it quit, which was some 3½ or 4 hours later. The balance of the three-week period was used to recuperate."

—Letter, dated July 1969, from a Seventh-day Adventist who had served as a volunteer in Project Whitecoat, conducted by the Army with the assistance of the Adventist Church.

THE SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH believes the one great hope of mankind is the second coming of Christ. When He comes, all of the sins of mankind will be washed out—along with mankind. While awaiting this apocalyptic rendezvous, church members—who do not smoke, drink, dance or go to movies—are urged to

The victims of the Plague in Milan consoled by a Priest
Painting by Caspar de Crayer / The Bettman Archive

by Seymour Hersh

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avoid the social issues of war and peace, and to concentrate on doing their utmost, individually, to live in strict adherence to the Ten Commandments.

God said, "Thou Shalt Not Kill," and accordingly the church forbids its men to engage in military combat. Yet nothing in the church's literal reading of divine intent has prevented it from embracing a unique paramilitary mission—enthusiastically training its men from high school on to become battlefield medics, and willingly supplying 1500 youths for experiments connected with the Army's biological warfare program at Fort Detrick, Maryland.

This pacifist church, which has no qualms about supplying men to help America fight a war in Viet-Nam or conduct biological warfare, has no problem gaining conscientious objector status for its young men. A church publication makes clear why: "The 'O' in the classification stands for 'objector,' but Adventists, who neither burn draft cards nor join the lines of bearded protesters, consider themselves 'cooperators.' "

Control of the rich ($1 billion in assets around the world), 1,500,000-member church is tightly held by the officers at the top. And, as one young Adventist, Martin Turner of Weedsport, New York, puts it, the church leaders' "attitude toward war is that they don't have an attitude toward it . . . as long as we get our Saturdays [Sabbath] off and don't have to shoot anyone, it's all right." The church has boasted that "Not only does the Adventist consider himself a 'conscientious cooperator' in military service, but [the Church] has done something no other has done thus far—established on the denomination's high school and college campuses throughout the world an organization called the Medical Cadet Corps to train young men in military courtesy, drilling, first aid, and battlefield duties of the medic so that they will be better prepared for military duty." An estimated 30,000 young Adventists have gone through this training in the United States and Canada since 1960.

The Adventists' ties with biological warfare date back to 1954, when Major-General George E. Armstrong, Army Surgeon General, wrote a letter to the church requesting its participation in Project Whitecoat at Fort Detrick. Armstrong reassured church leaders that "The program has the full concurrence of our highest military and governmental officers," and he received a quick, affirmative reply. "We feel," it said, "that if anyone should recognize a debt of loyalty and service for the many courtesies and considerations received from the Department of Defense, we as Adventists are in a position to feel a debt of gratitude for these kind considerations."

AS FAR AS CHURCH OFFICIALS ARE CONCERNED, Project Whitecoat was set up to enable Adventists to "take part in studies aimed at developing medical protective measures against disease-producing organisms which might be disseminated by an enemy in the event biological warfare is ever used against this country." (Excerpt from a church booklet.)

In fact, however, many Adventist volunteers have been used in tests to determine the number of organisms of a particular disease required to infect a man—a study critical to the Army's ability to carry out *offensive* biological warfare. But even if the youths had been enlisted only in developing vaccines and other defensive measures, church officials never considered the possibility that, as Elinor Langer once wrote in Science Magazine, "In the context of biological warfare even life-saving techniques such as immunization take on a strange aspect: immunity among one's own population and troops is a prerequisite to the initiation of disease by our own forces, as well as a precaution against the initiation of others. Some diseases are currently excluded from active consideration as BW agents simply because no vaccines against them have yet been developed."

The first project to which Adventists were assigned involved Q fever, one of the first diseases to be tested as a biological weapon by the United States. Soon the men were helping to develop vaccines for anthrax, tularemia, psittacosis, and Venezuelan equine encephalitis—all highly infectious diseases that have been selected for military use in case the decision is made to initiate biological warfare.

But developing vaccines for the U.S. biological warfare arsenal was not the only job of the Adventists. By the mid-1960's, volunteers were being exposed to heavy doses of airborne diseases in order to determine how quickly various strains could infect men. A paper published in Bacteriological Reviews, September, 1966, by four doctors at Fort Detrick reported on the deliberate infection with tularemia of more than 20 Adventists. Some were immediately cured with antibiotics; others suffered a relapse. All of the subjects had been infected with an altered strain of tularemia, one that was bred to be resistant to streptomycin, a standard medical cure for the disease. And all were made very sick. "Volunteers exposed to [tularemia] became acutely ill after a mean incubation period of three days," said the paper. All recovered eventually, according to the doctors, and with no apparent complications. But the Army Training Manual 3-216, *Military Biology and Biological Agents*, reports that such temporary infections with tularemia can eventually lead to "a chronic condition that may be accompanied by enlargement of the regional lymph glands."

Given this background, a church statement commending Project Whitecoat, supplied to the Army upon request in the mid-1950's, seems—at best—wonderfully naive. "Seventh-day Adventists are well aware of the exploits of Pasteur, Gorgas, Reed and their associates by which many of the dangerous and epidemic diseases have been robbed of their terror. . . . It is the attitude of Seventh-day Adventists that any service rendered voluntarily by whomsoever in the useful, necessary research into the cause and the treatment of disabling disease is a legitimate and laudable contribution to the success of our nation and to the health and comfort of our fellow men."

By the late 1950's the Army was having its troubles with Project Whitecoat, which at that time included non-Adventist volunteers. Enlisted men formerly connected with the biological warfare program have told me that Fort Detrick's guinea pigs once staged a sit-down strike over lack of full information about the test program. In the early 1960's the Army, apparently taking advantage of the docility encouraged by the church, converted the project into an all-Adventist operation.

The Adventist leadership has elevated service in Project Whitecoat almost to an act of faith. Twice a year, a key official of the church accompanies Army doctors on Whitecoat recruiting trips, and a church pamphlet explaining the program in fawning terms is issued to prospective volunteers. It notes that the church official's mission in accompanying the Army men

Collages by John Williams

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"is not to recruit, but to reassure the men of our denominational approval of this type of service." Potential Whitecoats are also told that "there are no special compensations offered for those who volunteer to serve in Whitecoat. It is commendable for a man to be willing to face risk in order to render a special service, but he should look for no special favors in return." The pamphlet was written by an Adventist pastor.

WHEN A FEW YOUNG CHURCH MEMBERS began writing in protest of Whitecoat and asking for more information, church officials brushed their complaints aside. Leading the attack was 23-year-old Martin Turner, who was having difficulty getting church endorsement for his draft exemption because, being morally opposed to the Viet-Nam War, he refused to take non-combatant service. Turner sent a round of letters to church leaders last spring asking them to spell out the nature of the project. The letters brought uniform responses.

Reverend William Loveless, pastor of the Adventists' largest congregation (Tacoma Park, Maryland) said: "The Operation Whitecoat is classified. This means that you won't get much of an answer from the Army and it also means that I don't know, nor does anybody know, a great deal about Operation Whitecoat, nor are the men in the Operation permitted to discuss it in any detail. I do know that there have been projects, all of them classified, which deal in the area of biological warfare. In what way they deal with this and to what ends I do not know."

"I do not know what official statement I could get from the Department of Army concerning this project inasmuch as it is classified and therefore all statements would have to be cleared before release," wrote Clark Smith, director of the church's National Service Organization.

In a second letter sent to Turner two weeks later, Smith reversed field altogether, following a conversation with Colonel Daniel Crozier, commanding officer of the Army Medical Unit at Fort Detrick—the unit responsible for Whitecoat. Smith quoted Colonel Crozier as saying that "any research work which results in anything worth printing is immediately put into print widely throughout the world in professional medical journals." Less than one per cent of the Whitecoat work is classified, Smith wrote, and the only reason so much remains unpublished is that it is not complete. Smith relayed Crozier's assurance "that he could state this about the project —that it is strictly medicinal in nature and that it has nothing to do with offensive warfare."

This would be almost laughable—except that the entire hierarchy of the Adventist Church believes it. In response to continued criticisms from Turner and others, the church set up a small investigating board which went out to Detrick, received a series of briefings and concluded that all was in order. "It's an open base," one church official told me. "Anyone who can get access to Fort Detrick can go through the whole place; that's how open it is." "*We've* had no problem getting in," he added heatedly. Dr. Winton C. Beaven, president of one of the church colleges, told me, "We have no evidence of any connection between the medical research center and the biological warfare operation at Fort Detrick."

Engraving: Plague of Florence in the 14th century / The Bettman Archive

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DR. BEAVEN AND HIS PEERS at the Adventist Church headquarters should take a look at the February, 1963, issue of *Military Medicine*, an official publication of the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States. The issue is devoted to biological warfare, and the lead article, "The Threat of Biological Weapons Attack," is written by Colonel Crozier, the head of the Detrick medical center. And Dr. Beaven and the others should certainly read "Status of the Medical Research Effort," by Crozier's predecessor at Fort Detrick, Colonel W. D. Tigertt. Tigertt writes:

"[It] is not surprising that attention is also given to the possibility of deliberately inducing infections in man in such a manner as to facilitate the attainment of [military] objectives. What is surprising is that many physicians have refused to deal with the problem. They explain their apathy by stating that ethics prohibit their participation in any endeavor the derivatives of which might be used to produce suffering or cause loss of life. Yet our profession admits that to be prepared to deal with such a threat we must have an understanding of the methodology. This writer once heard a solemn proposal to provide a medical education for certain men, but to deny them the Hippocratic Oath, so that they might participate in the study of biological weapons, thereby obtaining the necessary medical information but keeping the medical profession free from blemish."

Colonel Tigertt is too candid to conceal the ultimately destructive ends of the kind of "medical" work he oversaw at Detrick. The guardians of the Adventist Church would most likely sympathize with the "solemn proposal" that he scorns, since they seek in a similar way to keep their "profession free from blemish." They too are content with a morality of form without substance, one in which the arts of disease can be presented as the healing arts, and in which germ warfare can be embraced in pious obedience to a divine injunction against death.

[PART II]

For Alma Mater

"*The crew of researchers normally were quartered at Fort Greeley or Fort Wainwright [in Alaska]. I was employed as a field biologist and I resigned in September, 1965, due to:*

"*1) My having learned beyond all reasonable doubt that I was employed to contribute to the progress of studies connected with biological warfare. The above had not been made known to me prior to my employment. My inquiries as to the full nature of my work . . . were not answered by my employers at the University of Oklahoma. The University of Oklahoma, the president [of the school], and Dr. Hopla [the project director] refused to allow me to see a copy of the terms of my employment. . . . I was informed the project was classified.*

"*2) At Fort Greeley I was instructed to make a survey of the vegetation in a plot about 100 acres large and surrounded by a seven-foot fence. This was only one of a number of plots. The Army was looking for significant changes in the composition of the ground cover since a previous survey. I was dressed in a protective suit, high rubber boots, and rubber gloves. I was instructed to touch nothing but the vegetation and even then to avoid doing this as much as possible. Inside this enclosure there were no signs of recent animal life, such as droppings or runways. However, I noticed the carcasses of foxes, squirrels, rabbits, mice, weasels, owls, ravens, jays and small songbirds. . . . All that used to inhabit the enclosure was dead.*

"*3) An officer of the U.S. Chemical Corps, which was very strongly represented at Fort Greeley and at the field site, once asked me if I felt that minute particles of some substances might be transported to Siberia on the feet of migrating geese. A U.S. Army M.D., in response to my inquiries . . . as to why my project was involved with mice and collecting blood from mice, informed me that the people at Greeley and Dugway were very interested in bubonic plague. The samples of the blood and tissue that we collected in the field were sent away, I do not know where, for analysis by other persons.*"

—Letter, dated December, 1967, from a biologist who had participated in a University of Oklahoma research project in Alaska.

AT SOME TIME IN THE EARLY 1960's, the men who run the military's biological warfare program decided to stage an outdoor field test in Alaska using a virulent strain of tularemia. Much was known scientifically about the disease; it had been tested on human volunteers in laboratories, spread along the test areas at the Dugway Proving Grounds in Utah and in the Southwest Pacific, and experimented with over and over again at the biological laboratories at Fort Detrick. Tularemia, more commonly known as rabbit fever, was one of the first diseases to be selected as an offensive biological warfare agent. In near total secrecy an elaborate biological weapons assembly line, capable of mass production of tularemia and other biological agents, had been constructed at the Pine Bluff, Arkansas, Arsenal at a cost of more than $150 million.

But how, the military men wanted to know, would tularemia spread in a cold climate such as Russia's? To find out, plans were made for field tests in Alaska. As a first step, the Army followed the pattern that had been successfully—and quietly—established at the Dugway Proving Grounds, where scientists from the University of Utah had been assigned the initial task of determining those diseases which were endemic to the area. Theoretically, the Army would not think of testing a biological agent outdoors in an area unless it was known to be already present in the environment. Although the military is still reluctant to acknowledge that outdoor field testing with biological agents goes on at all, those officials who are more candid point with pride to the University of Utah contract as an example of the meticulous care the military takes before beginning a test program.

A former researcher on that project describes its function more cynically. The University of Utah's preliminary study was needed, says Dr. Joel S. Trupin, now a professor of microbiology at St. Louis University, "so in case some rancher or farmer would complain of infections to his livestock, the Army could bring in evidence that Dugway hadn't been responsible." "Of course," Dr. Trupin adds, "it probably would have been." Trupin, one of the few former Dugway researchers to speak out publicly, recalls that during the late 1950's—when he was there—at least three workers accidentally

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caught tularemia during experiments at Dugway. The Army insists that there have been no deaths or serious injuries since the biological test programs began. Nevertheless, many former Dugway employees have told me about incidents involving careless exposure to biologicals during tests.

At any rate, for the job of tracing tularemia in the projected test area around Fort Greeley, Alaska, the Army picked the Zoology Department of the University of Oklahoma. The University received its initial grant in 1965 and by 1966 the Army was funding the project at a cost of $514,000. The contract, issued by Dugway in November, 1966, called for the University to conduct "r & d [research and development] of ecology and epidemiology research survey in a specified area." For Dr. Cluff Hopla, the ambitious chairman of the department, the offer was just too good to turn down. Hopla initially denied any knowledge of biological warfare connections with his work, although he confirmed that it was financed by the Dugway Proving Grounds. But when he was recently confronted with evidence made available to me that the Army had tested tularemia some time in 1967 at Fort Greeley—after his studies had cleared the way—Hopla allowed that he was "not really too surprised. It's simply one of those things." Did he think his work in monitoring the area for tularemia was vital to the test? "I'd suppose so," Hopla said. "This, of course, is kind of reading between the lines."

Nonetheless, Hopla insists on the pristine scientific detachment of his work from any of the sinister military applications that may flow from it. "We [he and the men from Dugway] have had no direct connection. I've had no need to know. . . . My interests are in a particular line; the Army is interested in something else."

Hopla explained how he first got involved in the Fort Greeley study. "When they came to me, I told them what I wanted to do and they could take it or leave it. Initially I told them it wasn't biologically interesting enough. . . . They agreed to let me proceed with a full-scale study of the ecology of tularemia [in the area]." These scientific negotiations were conducted in stringent secrecy; the fact that the tests in Alaska were even conducted is still classified as "Secret" information by the U.S. Army.

The biologist who wrote the letter above about his work in the Fort Greeley open-air enclosure, had been brought into the project early in 1965 by Hopla and had quickly run into trouble. To begin with, he complained when he was asked to fill out security clearance papers before his employment was confirmed. Hopla wrote to him saying that such paper work would not be necessary. "I don't think there is anything about our project that needs any type of clearance," Hopla added. "Of course, on the other hand, I must admit that I do not know what use the Department of Defense will make of the data once it is analyzed and turned in, and therein lies the problem."

The new man's basic problem was that he lacked the kind of scientific detachment that makes the possible uses of one's work by one's employer an uninteresting subject. Within a few weeks on the job, he found that the project raised many doubts in his mind. When Hopla refused to let him see the terms of his employment contract, he objected and was

Woodcut: A London house during the Plague / The Bettman Archive

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abruptly fired. "I believe that Hopla was scared of what I might say about his project once he discovered my feelings about it," the biologist subsequently wrote me, adding that "Hopla's description of the job when he was trying to hire me was whitewash and wishful thinking."

The biologist was fired by Hopla on July 19, 1965. Over the next two days Hopla sent out four letters to other prospective employers in Alaska, in which he opened with various pleasantries and then mentioned his ex-employee in terms the biologist describes as "a character assassination—presumably to discredit me in case I 'spilled the beans' regarding the project." "Hopla's action in this respect made it all but impossible for me to obtain work at that time," he says.

Hopla himself is still plugging away at his research, for which the Army has paid $125,000 so far this year. In a recent interview Hopla conceded that he was sure the Army could safely test a strain of tularemia in Alaska if it wanted to. "Winter is the best time to test," he said. "They'd probably test on the military reservation [at Fort Greeley]." "There's all sorts of things going on at Greeley," he observed.

He was alluding to the secret open-air testing of nerve gases at the Fort in mid-1965. It was apparently the aftermath of one of those tests which involved the biologist in the grisly chore of collecting vegetation from the test plot mentioned in his letter. According to classified Army reports, the first outdoor test with a biological agent in Alaska was the 1967 tularemia test.

Asked if there could have been a spread of tularemia after the test was conducted, Hopla countered that "All of the strains that I have picked up are all ones that I consider endemic to the area."

IT MAY ONLY BE PURE CHANCE, then, that a strain similar to the one found by Hopla in Alaska is believed to be responsible for a recent and unusual outbreak of tularemia in parts of the United States where it is not endemic at all. According to a paper published on June 5 of this year in the New England Journal of Medicine, an epidemic of 47 cases was reported in the spring of 1968 in Vermont, the only state in the U.S. where tularemia had previously never been found. The researchers, all of them connected with the National Communicable Disease Center (NCDC) in Atlanta, discovered that the cases were linked to contact with muskrats during the spring trapping season. The paper went on to report that "None of the findings of epidemiologic investigation give any clue to why tularemia suddenly occurred in an area where cases had never been recognized before. Interestingly enough, during the first six months of 1968 small outbreaks of muskrat-associated tularemia were reported in New York and Ontario, and Quebec reported rabbit-associated tularemia for the first time in 35 years. In the ten years before the Vermont outbreak, Massachusetts was the only state in New England to report cases of tularemia. . . ."

The researchers—although they were unaware of the Army's open-air tularemia test in Alaska—speculated that birds might have been responsible for bringing the disease in and passing it on to the muskrats, thus leading to its eventual outbreak among human beings. "That tularemia affects birds has been well-documented, and transmission studies have shown that organisms may be carried and excreted in feces by some species of migratory birds," the paper said.

A number of ornithologists who were contacted said that some species of birds are known to migrate from Alaska and northern Canada to the east coast of America and then down into the Caribbean and South America. When I spoke to Dr. W. Earl Godfrey of the National Museum of Canada in Ottawa, he told me, "Just yesterday I examined a mew gull which occurs in Alaska [but] which was taken in New Brunswick. The literature is full of that kind of thing." Among the birds that specifically travel from the northwest to New England and then south, he said, are the Black-Pall Warbler and the Red-Eyed Vireo.

While birds could carry tularemia, Godfrey—like every other scientist contacted—considered the chances that the outbreak was attributable to these migrations remote at best. But he could not rule out the possibility. Neither could Dr. Lowell S. Young, the principal author of the New England Journal of Medicine paper, who told me her team "found nothing which would suggest human intervention. It's possible, but not very likely."

A technician at the Rocky Mountain laboratories in Hamilton, Montana, analyzed both the strains isolated by Hopla in Alaska and the strain discovered in Vermont and found them very similar. He described both as moderately virulent.

And Hopla, in an unclassified report of his work dated June 2, 1969, reported that from 1964 to 1968 he isolated 21 cases of tularemia in animals in Alaska. Eight of the disease findings occurred in 1968. "It is interesting to note," he wrote, "that nearly half of the isolates were made in 1968"—the year after the tularemia test.

It would be interesting to know what the NCDC team's research would have turned up if they had known beforehand that the Army was tampering with nature and disease in Alaska. They might, for instance, have given more attention to the Canadian outbreaks of tularemia, which seem to suggest a pattern of disease spreading from west to east.

The possibility of migratory birds sparking an epidemic with virulent disease agents released by the Army is taken very seriously by the Army itself. Fort Detrick has paid more than $3 million to Washington, D.C.'s prestigious Smithsonian Institute for extensive studies of disease transmission by migratory birds, carried out chiefly on islands located in the Southwest Pacific. One aim of this project was to find areas which had few or no migratory birds—at least during certain seasons of the year. This was in any case a precaution after the fact since the Army had already tested biological agents in the Southwest Pacific in the early 1960's.

Assuming that last year's sudden outbreaks of tularemia were not attributable to their experiments, the Army's luck seems to have held out so far. Indeed, even if they did cause that epidemic, we would have to count ourselves lucky that it was tularemia that struck, for that is one of the milder of the diseases the Army has unleashed over the years in open-air tests.

Since the first of these tests in 1951—conducted at Dugway Proving Grounds with psittacosis (parrot fever)—outdoor tests with highly infectious deadly biologicals have occurred regularly. Among the diseases released have been a strain of bubonic plague, anthrax (another dread scourge of the Middle Ages, which can kill up to 100 per cent of those infected), and a form of botulism (a deadly poison which causes immediate casualties).

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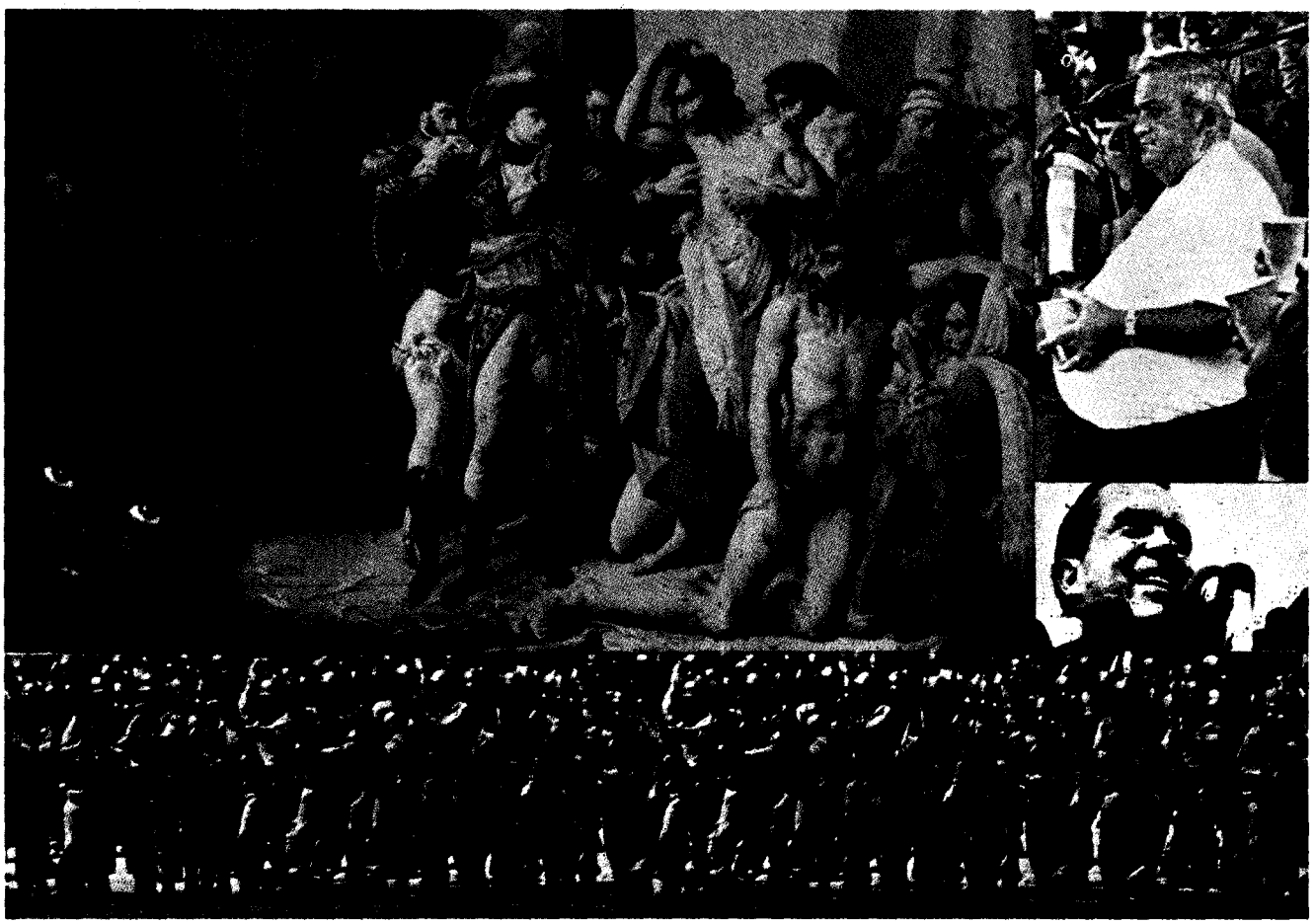

[PART III]

For Country

CONSIDERING THE NATURAL AND UNIVERSAL revulsion against chemical and biological warfare, there is something palpably bizarre about the churchman who ascribes piety and virtue to involvement in CBW, and about the scientist who just "doesn't know" what use his work is put to and doesn't care to imagine what that use might be. It is as if some transcendent hypocrisy encroached upon the sanity of those implicated in CBW. These cases reveal a complex mixture of deception and self-deception, cynicism and horror, concealment and voluntary blindness. This pattern is an important part of what makes CBW so dangerous and so resistant to opposition and control. The reality of CBW is, after all, a guilty secret, but the ignorant are exempt from responsibility, while those who know are exempt from judgment. And the consequences of this paradox extend not only to the CBW functionaries in the Adventist Church and the universities, but also up to the highest levels of national policy.

CBW is, by all accounts, over-classified. The aim of this policy has not been to keep information away from the Soviet Union or any other potential adversary, but to keep information away from the American people. At one point in the early 1960's, the Army sought—vainly—to have the CBW program classified on the same scale as the "Manhattan Project" for the development of the atomic bomb during World War II. Even the former director of Army CBW research, Brigadier General Jacquard H. Rothschild, complained in a letter to the New York Times in 1968 that "The restraints established are not based on security requirements, but rather on administration policy."

Administration policy has often been to use secrecy as a means of fending off criticism, along with an astonishing carte-blanche on CBW developments. In interviews with past Kennedy and Johnson Administration officials—high-ranking civilians in the Pentagon as well as White House personnel concerned with defense—I have found that most had had little or no knowledge of CBW policies and what doubts they had, they kept to themselves. Many explained that they had never been able to understand why the U.S. was proceeding with such large programs. And they had not been aware of the kind of policies that allowed biological agents (up to three gallons by Army regulations) to be routinely transported across the United States by commercial airlines without military escorts. One former high Pentagon official said that despite his position he had never been told of the huge stockpiles of nerve gas weapons overseas. "I just didn't know

Painting: Napoleon visiting the pest ridden of Jaffa / The Bettman Archive

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anything about it," he explained. "Nobody on the OSD [Office of the Secretary of Defense] staff really knew about it. None of the Army's annual reports included specific data, just accounting reports that shielded the information." He added that the full extent of the stockpiling wasn't discovered until 1967 or 1968, after an analysis by then Assistant Secretary of Defense Alain Enthoven. Congress was naturally even more in the dark.

There is immense irony in the fact that CBW information, so sparsely distributed among U.S. policy-makers, was at the same time being doled out with extraordinary generosity to minor military figures of foreign countries. This was a result of the secret Data Exchange Agreement (DEA), approved by President Eisenhower in the mid-1950's, under which U.S. military officials were given authority to make agreements with their foreign colleagues for the free exchange of classified information. The agreements, which often were made on a colonel-to-colonel basis, required no approval either from the White House, Secretary of State, or Secretary of Defense. Between 400 and 600 were consummated by 1967, about a dozen of them relating to the exchange of CBW information, according to a former Pentagon official. This amazing military pen-pal setup did not even require the foreign officer to inform *his* superiors.

"I used to fight this," said one former Chemical Corps officer. "It was a one-way street. We just told them everything, but never got anything back in return. I always figured everything we sent them they passed on to Moscow." But most of his associates took delight in sharing secrets with their friends in uniform. CBW information was exchanged under agreements between the United States and the following countries: Spain, West Germany, England, Canada, Australia, Nationalist China, France, Israel, the Philippines and South Korea. Many exchanges involved relatively insignificant materials, but others included full disclosure of CBW research and production techniques in the U.S. Many foreign officers were flown to this country and given top-secret tours and briefings at all Army CBW facilities. The net effect of this unmonitored DEA program (which finally was brought under some State Department control in 1967) has been to spawn an arms race in CBW now involving at least 15 nations, thus further multiplying the danger that these weapons will actually be unleashed in war.

DR. MATTHEW S. MESELSON, prize-winning Harvard biologist and CBW expert for the U.S. Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, expressed the view of many prominent scientists when he told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last April that ". . . the field testing of live biological weapons, and especially the outbreak of actual biological warfare, would constitute a menace to the entire human species."

The Army tends to chalk up such strong sentiments to a kind of irrational, queasy emotionalism about CBW. The military is constantly frustrated by otherwise sensible people whose minds are closed on this subject; they just won't give nerve gas and germ warfare a chance. In 1959, the Army Chemical Corps, determined that ignorant prejudice should not stand in the way of progress, hired an outside public relations firm and launched "Operation Blue Skies," a program designed to get their side of the CBW story before the American people. Dozens of articles were published in that year, emphasizing either the advances made by Russia or the notion of CBW as a "humane" method of warfare ("War Without Death" was the title of one Army-inspired article). The aim was not to raise a groundswell of popularity for bubonic plague, but merely to dull the edge of perfidy so that CBW would no longer be unthinkable. The effort paid off: within the next four years, as the Kennedy Administration moved away from reliance on nuclear weapons to a "flexible military response," CBW spending increased by 300 per cent.

Of course the Army has always defined its CBW operations as purely defensive in nature. Even the development of substantial offensive capabilities is explained as being basically defensive, since it is intended to deter enemy attack. The military repeatedly cites President Roosevelt's World War II pledge that "We shall under no circumstances resort to the use of such weapons unless they are first used by our enemies," and indicates that it is our policy today. The truth is, however, that current U.S. policy as outlined by a secret National Security Council directive, provides for the use of CBW agents as an offensive first-strike weapon.

Precisely such a possibility has been proposed in various strategic contexts over the years. In 1962, according to a number of former high Kennedy Administration officials, the Cuban Division of the CIA, then headed by John Hart, seriously considered a covert attack on Cuba with an anti-crop biological agent as part of its plan of economic harassment against the regime. Only one plane would have been needed to initiate an epidemic among the sugar beets, thereby seriously hampering the Cuban economy. The plan was killed, but not before word of it reached many officials in the State Department and Pentagon. Similarly, in 1965, during contingency planning by the Joint Chiefs of Staff for an invasion of North Viet-Nam, a number of CBW experts in the Army and Air Force sought to include the use of tularemia as a means of softening up the North before a land invasion. Their argument, according to one source involved, was that the use of a not-always-fatal biological agent would be preferable to the kind of mass bombing attack that would otherwise be put into effect. The proposal did not receive serious attention, but it was seriously offered.

This proposal for North Viet-Nam was defined as humane, very much as the actual use of toxic gases in the South has been (these were also defended as being kinder than bullets, though in fact they are used to force people out from their shelter into the bombs and napalm). Had the germ attack plan been carried out, one can well imagine its being announced as a "defensive" move, being aimed chiefly at preventing the enemy from killing American men. It is characteristic that with CBW, familiar meanings elude us. Just as when they speak of "sanitizing" an area in Viet-Nam, a benevolent abstraction is substituted for a crime that cannot be grasped. Even blunt, hard-bitten generals must retreat to euphemism when they propose the unspeakable.

The author wishes to thank the Fund for Investigative Research which subsidized part of the research for this story. Seymour Hersh is the author of Chemical and Biological Warfare: America's Hidden Arsenal (*Bobbs-Merrill, 1968*). *He is now working on a book on the Pentagon.*

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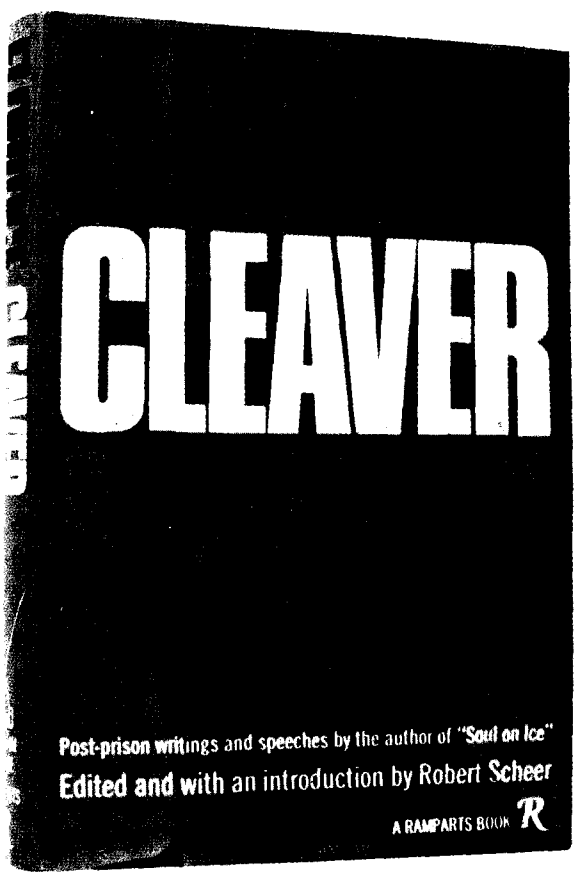
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Book Supplement

HOW TO CONTROL THE MILITARY. *By John Kenneth Galbraith. New York: Signet Books. 1969. $.60.*

Steve Weissman

AT HARVARD, WE ARE TOLD, little is prized more highly than intellectual curiosity. No exception to this rule, Crimson radicals used their May 1969 occupation of University Hall to avail themselves of Dean Franklin Ford's files for a bit of extra-curricular empiricism. Among the rewards of their research was a letter addressed to the Dean reporting "the transmigration of the CCF from the CIA to the Ford Foundation." CCF is, of course, the Congress for Cultural Freedom, an international brigade of anti-communist intellectuals spawned in the last decade and funded until recently by the Central Intelligence Agency. The author of the letter and of this refinancing operation: John Kenneth Galbraith.

This small service of Galbraith's for the CIA was one of the less tasty morsels plucked from the Harvard pantry. Compared to the intriguing career patterns of so many of his colleagues (now documented quite adequately in "How Harvard Rules") Galbraith's garden-variety transgression, or transmigration, hardly seems serious enough to bruise the liberal conscience. But the letter did bother many liberals. Mainstream hypocrisy still recruits more souls to the New Left than does Chairman Mao, and Professor Galbraith has long held tenure as Reigning Liberal Critic.

From this perch, the established voice of dissent offers his latest service to established institutions: *How to Control the Military*. Presented by its publisher "in the tradition of the American Revolutionary press," Galbraith's broadside offers an urbane attack on "the military power" which "has reversed constitutional process in the United States—removed power from the public and Congress to the Pentagon." This subversion of the Constitution, abetted by a bureaucratic view of the Communist menace, is what got us into Viet-Nam and what keeps us there, Galbraith insists, summing up his earlier *How to Get Out of Viet-Nam*. And, unless it is brought under control, the military power will commit us to "a package" of new aircraft, modern naval vessels, defense installations, and advanced strategic and general weapons systems—all of which promise greater usurpation of power by the Pentagon, further diversions from "domestic priorities," and a new arms race.

The Harvard economist, however, is actually "encouraged by the chance for escape"—an optimism fortified by a characteristically Galbraithian reading of the forces which "brought the military-industrial bureaucracy to its present position of power." As he sees it, the increasing bureaucratization of our life, especially in the economically and technologically complex weapons culture, creates its own challenge: a large number of educated people, "schooled to assert their individual beliefs and convictions."

At the same time, the view of a unified Communist imperium, which formerly led us to delegate power and concentrate resources, gives way to the reality of sharp splits within the Communist world and to the discovery (as in the case of Cuba) "that a country can go Communist without any overpowering damage." Liberal critics, bolstered by this new mood, no longer stand silenced by fear, or by finding "that many good and liberal things—foreign aid, technical assistance, travel grants, fellowships, overseas libraries—could be floated on the Communist threat." Finally, "domestic priorities" are now seen as a rival use for the resources eaten up by the military machine and, by implication, as an alternative way of sustaining employment.

What all this adds up to, in Galbraith's view, is the feasibility of rational and responsible political action. His is not an appeal for unilateral disarmament or an anti-military crusade, but rather a campaign to "get the military power under firm political control." Specifically, he would cut $15 billion from the military budget over the next three years, eliminating those things which, like superfluous ICBM's or the ABM, contribute to the arms race or are irrelevant to the present balance of power.

To do this, he calls for the formation in every congressional district of an organization alert to the power of the military. These organizations would be based largely on the McCarthy constituency of college students, concerned members of the middle class, and worried businessmen; their aim would be to elect a Congress in 1970 and a President in 1972 on the issue of political control of the military. Within the Congress, they would push for control of the Armed Services and Appropriations Committees.

Galbraith's proposals ("a liberal's rational program for controlling the military establishment without obliterating it," in the words of the New York Times reviewer) will appear to at least a few observers as unduly optimistic. But Galbraith himself is more concerned with those who "will find it excessively moderate, even commonplace." As he explains: "It makes no overtures to the withdrawal of scientific and other scholarly talent from the military. It does not encourage a boycott on recruiting by the military contractors. It does not even urge the curtailment of university participation in military research."

Co-optation?

But co-optation is not really the problem. McCarthy's similar efforts in the last election, despite his expressed intentions to the contrary, ended up by bringing large numbers of young people from cleanliness to radical godliness. The real problem with Galbraith's little broadside is that even those who reject his political strategy too often embrace his political analysis in order to justify their own more militant strikes, boycotts, and sit-ins. They, too, use the military as a scapegoat, blame bureaucratic and

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anti-communist thinking for Viet-Nam and the arms race, and look to the New Class of mental workers and the renaissance of liberal criticism, especially in the Senate, as the way out.

No one, of course, should defend the military, embrace anti-communism, or reject potential allies out of hand. Especially in the case of the first, New Leftists have spent too many years fighting the clutches of the military to enlist now in its defense, even on behalf of those generals who long opposed a land war in Asia. But activists would gain a more accurate picture of the military from another of Galbraith's books, his openly fictional *The Triumph*.

Asked by the President what the U.S. should do about an impending revolution against a friendly Central American dictator, Galbraith's general responds: "If this man is in trouble down there and he's on our side, I'd be in favor of going in with sufficient force to help him out. There's no substitute for doing what it takes." But the President didn't think it had come to that stage yet. The narrative continues: "The general had smiled agreeably. He had entertained no expectation that his recommendation would prevail. The pleasure was in making it."

With generals such as these, America has neither a Prussian General Staff, a military caste, nor a warlord class. As prototypes and exemplars of the New Industrial State celebrated elsewhere by Galbraith, our top brass are professionals. The same professional attitude which blinds them to the individual moral responsibility demanded by Nuremberg also blinds them to the civilians under whom they exercise their professions.

But Galbraith forgets this first fact of American military life, overlooks the continuing U.S. occupation of Viet-Nam and Thailand, and comes to the preposterous conclusion that "our foreign policy has, in fact, changed. It is the Pentagon that hasn't."

IF NOT THE MILITARY, then who does wield the club over foreign and military policy? Could it be the industrial half of that hyphenated barbarism which now substitutes for public thought? An experienced polemicist, Galbraith has forearmed himself against "the conspiratorial view" and "the accepted Marxian doctrine [which] holds that a cabal of capitalists and militarists is the cutting edge of capitalist imperialism and the cause of war." On several occasions he speaks glowingly of the businessmen who opposed the Viet-Nam war, supported McCarthy, and now seek to do battle with the military-industrial power. "The Services, and not their suppliers," he argues, "are the prime wielders of this power."

But Galbraith's evidence is somewhat less than convincing. In chance references to Pentagon industrialists like David Packard, specialized defense contractors (General Dynamics, McDonnell Douglas, Lockheed), conglomerate defense firms (Ling-Temco-Vought and Litton Industries), and defense divisions of primarily civilian firms like G.E. and AT&T, his writing leaves an impression quite contrary to his explicit insistence on military predominance. In fact, despite his enormous skill with words, Galbraith seems finally to be saying: *industry* is where the power is.

Galbraith's reading of "accepted Marxian doctrine" notwithstanding, industrial power over foreign and military policy goes well beyond the arms lobby. There is an even greater concentration of power in the big oil companies presently rushing into Indonesia and Nigeria, the agribusiness firms seeking to export their technology and labor practices, the world-wide merchandisers hoping to coca-colonize the world, the international branch banks and investment houses which redistribute the world's wealth at their pleasure and profit, and the multi-national conglomerates dependent on an integrated allocation of resources in an open and anti-nationalist world market. Here is an address list not of a conspiracy but of a class. Here are Fortune's top industrial and financial corporations, including weapons-makers like G.E. and Litton who are also getting into the world of international economy, both directly and as consumers of rare mineral resources. Here too are the home offices of most of our recent Secretaries and Undersecretaries of State, Defense, Treasury and Commerce, as well as the money and leadership resources for policy groups from the Ford Foundation (and now the Congress for Cultural Freedom) to the Eastern establishment's Council on Foreign Relations.

Those who run these varied institutions, especially the corporations, believe quite firmly that America needs large and expanding overseas markets, raw materials imports, and new investment opportunities. This expansion is needed both to benefit the corporations and to convince the less-privileged of their fellow Americans to seek their slice from a growing economic pie rather than from the plate of the privileged. Galbraith, whose *New Industrial State* suggests the power of the big corporations over foreign policy, would of course insist that the government can easily assure markets (if not raw materials) by expanding domestic demand. But so far he hasn't convinced the corporate elite to give up their overseas treasure hunt, and as they expand, they are no more likely to forego police protection in Nigeria than they are in Newark.

Of course America's owners and managers did not turn the Pentagon into the world's policeman simply to protect a few oil wells in Java, a Sears emporium in Caracas, or an IBM plant in Frankfurt. Theirs is a global vision—a vision of a world open to the American corporation and organized to serve its interests. These interests defined America's challenge to British, French and Dutch imperialism during and after World War II. They set the tone of our hostility to the Soviet Union. They shaped the reconstruction of the post-war European and world economy. And they produced the permanent war economy as an international defense and a domestic substitute for the New Deal. These corporate interests brought the Pentagon to its present size.

Now, of course, the Pentagon's very size impairs the corporate interests which gave it birth. At a time when revenues are needed to maintain technological competition with Europe and Japan and political control over third world revolutions, ghetto revolts and campus rebellions, a good part of Pentagon spending is simply waste. Recognizing this, observers much closer to the corporate elite than Galbraith (McGeorge Bundy and John Gardner, to name two) are proposing cutbacks every bit as dramatic as his. But Galbraith shows no more willingness than the others to get anywhere near the roots of either continuing foreign involvement or continuing military waste.

Why should he? It is far more serviceable to find fault in the tendency of every great bureaucracy—capitalist or communist, it doesn't matter—"to develop a life and purpose and truth of its own."

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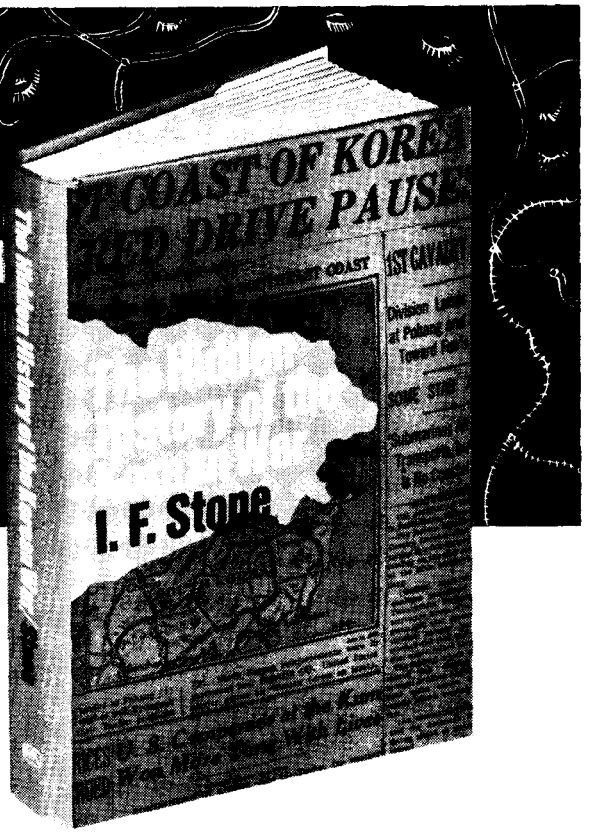
What a Naval War College Professor said about Stone's "Hidden History"

FROM THE BALTIMORE SUN, SEPT. 14, 1969



HE HIDDEN HISTORY OF THE KOREAN WAR.
y I. F. Stone. 368 pages. Monthly Review Press. $7.50.

DOES this sound familiar? The United States is fighting a war against a small Asian nation. Its troops have ıost reached the northern border. Suddenly forces from a ·d power enter the conflict and drive the Americans back. attlefield lull then ensues. The third power withdraws its ·ns and in a number of ways indicates that it wishes to ·iate, even going so far as to send representatives to the ·d Nations, where it has been denied membership.

·eace is in the air. But three days before the U.N. discus- · are scheduled to begin, the American military com- ·ler in Asia orders massive air strikes against sensitive gets on the border of the third power. The morning that the Asian representatives arrive at the U.N., the same General orders an all-out offensive. Peace hopes vanish; the war drags on for two and one half more years.

> Che Guevara told I. F. Stone in Havana a few years ago that when the "Hidden History" appeared in Spanish translation in Mexico City, the U.S. Embassy bought all copies it could obtain and destroyed them.

The American experience in Korea is instructive on many points, not the least of which is the difficulty of running an empire. Despite modern communications, things have not changed much since the days of the Romans. Nations that have positions of power all over the world must give local military men the armed forces necessary to mantain that power . . .

This should be a commonplace, but it has not yet been fully applied in Vietnam. This is true of much of Mr. Stone's "Hidden History." His insights are valid, yet they have been ignored. What he first pointed out has since been routinely accepted by historians, but it has not reached the State Department, much less a wider public.

For example, Mr. Stone emphasizes how extraordinarily cautious the Chinese were. American bombers were striking right up to the Chinese border, while American troops were marching towards it. The Chinese gave warning after warning, then moved in with two or so divisions to protect dams and electric plants (the Red hordes were a myth). When the Americans fell back, the Chinese withdrew. Only after MacArthur resumed the offensive did the Chinese return.

The Chinese never wanted the war and did not support the North Koreans until MacArthur forced them to do so. The same was true for the Russians, who had no hand in the initial attack. The conflict can only be understood within the context of a divided Korea and cannot be described as part of a pattern of international conspiracy directed from the Kremlin or from China. MacArthur was the major, almost sole, reason the war did not end in late 1950.

Even today most Americans are not ready to accept such truths; in 1952, when Mr. Stone wrote this book, it seemed tantamount to announcing that he had joined the Communist party. Mr. Stone's only sin, however, was in being too honest too soon. Recent studies by the Rand Corporation, surely an unimpeachable source, come to almost identical conclusions . . .

"Hidden History" is printed as Mr. Stone wrote it in 1952. This is unfortunate, since a great deal of information has come to light since then, most of which supports his tentative conclusions. Nevertheless, it remains the most carefully researched and ably presented history of the Korean war. It will certainly enjoy a better reception today than it did in 1952 . . .

I. F. Stone is a great journalist, but more importantly he is an honest and courageous man. It took guts to publish this book in the McCarthy era. Today, millions are jumping on the bandwagon of damning our Asian policy—even President Nixon is climbing aboard. In 1952, Mr. Stone was a one-man band. It is a pity that more Americans did not read and think about "Hidden History" at that time.

STEPHEN E. AMBROSE

Mr. Ambrose is Ernest J. King, professor of maritime history at the Naval War College in Newport, R.I.

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ELDRIDGE CLEAVER. *Robert Scheer, Ed. New York: Random House. 1960. $5.95.* THE CRISIS OF THE NEGRO INTELLECTUAL. *By Harold Cruse. New York: William Morrow & Company, Inc. 1967. $8.95.* REBELLION OR REVOLUTION. *By Harold Cruse. New York: William Morrow & Company, Inc. 1968. $5.95.*

Nathan Hare.

I FIRST FOUND OUT about Eldridge Cleaver in the winter of 1962 when he was a young cultural nationalist writing in the Negro History Bulletin (from a San Quentin prison cell) about the beauty of Negro hair. I came across Cleaver most recently in Algiers in late July and he was now calling himself a "Marxist-Leninist" universalist. I never knew anything about Harold Cruse until 1964 when he was writing as a "revolutionary nationalist" in Black America, the organ of RAM (Revolutionary Action Movement). I next encountered Cruse in a symposium at Yale University in the spring of 1968. He was still a nationalist but appeared to have come more to emphasize the cultural.

The careers and belief systems of Cruse and Cleaver crisscross each other in places, but otherwise they are as different as the settings and times in which I first discovered them. The two men are now at opposite poles in the contemporary black intellectual experience, and they embody as much as anyone else the current and intensifying split within the ranks of the black struggle for liberation. This cleavage centers on what Marxists call the "national question," which boils down to a conflict between black nationalism and a Marxist conception of class struggle. This in turn revolves around the role of whites in the black struggle for national liberation.

Both Cruse and Cleaver denounce separatism (which is about all that they agree wholeheartedly on, except for the idea that black America comprises a colony within a white mother country). In his collection of essays written on the run (to stay out of prison and even to stay alive), which might have been titled *Soul on Charcoals*, Cleaver, while still developing, appears headed down a road which Cruse urges blacks to avoid in his two books. Cleaver envisions "thousands of new John Browns" and believes that "black people can't do it by themselves."

Cruse believes that Cleaver's thinking on this point grows out of the psychology of "symbiotic 'blood-ties' to the white Anglo-Saxon" and that the revolutionary initiative is now passing to the blacks while white Marxists "theorize, temporize, and debate." Cruse further holds that the Marxists' class struggle methodology is "non-applicable" in America and that Marxists are accordingly impelled to seek domination of any alliance between black and white radicals in order to offset their own absorption and to build a Marxist party that can save them from the crisis they now face. His book, *The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual*, might well have been called *The Crisis of the White Radical*.

"THE BASIC PROBLEM in this country today," says Eldridge Cleaver by contrast, "is political confusion. People don't know who their enemies are; they don't know who their friends are. They don't know whether to be afraid of the right or the left." Cleaver himself sometimes appears to be justifiably afraid of just about everybody, on the grounds that "there is a little of George Wallace in every white American." But, in the words of Robert Scheer, editor of *Eldridge Cleaver*, he "criticizes the conduct of whites, not their color" though he manages to "put whites on the spot."

Cleaver has become what Cruse calls a "revolutionary Marxist anarchist integrationist," a part of "the nihilist black fringe." Cruse would say that Cleaver is a victim of a certain predicament that occurs in revolutionary struggle when the revolutionary fails to transcend a "mystical and romantic phase" and grows more antagonistic toward his own group than toward the oppressor. Frantz Fanon, the black psychiatrist in the Algerian revolution, is quoted by Cleaver as saying that in such a condition "violence then turns in upon itself and the oppressed people fight among themselves; they kill each other and do all the things they would, in fact, like to do to the master." There ensues a period of revolutionary one-upmanship when the vanguard may waste time attacking "cultural nationalists" and "renegades," terms which begin, so to speak, to take the place of the oppressor's epithet "nigger." What the revolutionaries need to do, of course, is to provide a proper example in a more positive way and others will follow a job well done. Instead the vanguard may get caught up in vanguardism and, growing more and more alienated from the rest of the oppressed, be impelled to cling to the disaffected oppressors for support.

In Cruse's view, white disaffected intellectuals as a whole are "unoriginal, imitative and puerile, and black intellectuals are brain-washed by the whites," leaving the black revolutionary potential "like a ship in a black night and stormy sea with many captains who know nothing about navigation." Cruse contends that the white left "has not a single idea, tactic or strategy" that can lead to revolution for blacks. They therefore pant after blacks, Cruse feels, in search of issues for their own programs, and they

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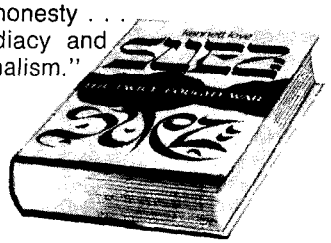

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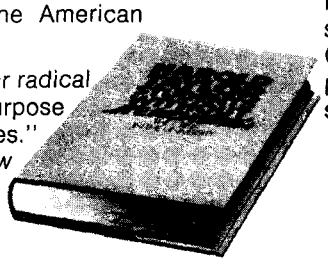

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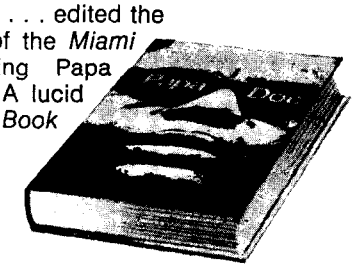

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are guilty of "revolutionary paternalism" in the extreme. While they accept revolutionary nationalism in Third World countries, they reject it for blacks in the United States because, says Cruse, American Marxists mistakenly expect that the conservative white working class will ultimately stage the revolution.

Cruse believes this to be a kind of folly related to the "mythical" belief in the possibility of total integration of blacks into the existing structure of America. He feels that this in turn leads to the spurious conclusion that integration, synonymous with class struggle to white radicals, is revolutionary. They seem incapable of realizing that the problem is one of both class and color and that ultimate victory can come through some combination of class struggle and revolutionary nationalism, or through their simultaneous but independent workings.

Like many black radicals, Cruse has lost faith forever in the good intentions of white radicals as a whole. One runs the danger, however, of transferring one's disgust with the behavior of white radicals into undue contempt for their ideology. It may be necessary to begin somehow to distinguish Marxism from white Marxists, and their beliefs from their antics, so as not to lose all regard for whatever good Marxism may contain for the black revolutionary potential. It is possible that white standards of radicalism can and will change, just as in the case of black standards. I think Cruse really wanted to write a book on the crisis of the white radical, and some day soon I hope he does pursue that subject.

His primary thesis now is that class struggle methodology is "non-applicable in America." He has given up on the uses of the theme of black-white working class unity. Nobody resists the war today on strictly class grounds, though class is correlated with the probability of dying in battle; blacks do so on the basis of color, while whites typically resist on moral grounds. Cruse observes that Marx did not invent revolution, that we can learn a good deal from him but that we should study him in the same way we objectively study all schools of social science. But what he most strongly objects to, he repeats, are the methods Marxists use. What this may come down to, however, is indicated in his treatment of Booker T. Washington.

Cleaver thinks of Washington as "the first colonial puppet dictator set up over Afro-America by Imperial America." Cruse lets Booker T. off (but not the Black Muslims) for evading political confrontation on the grounds that Booker T.'s Uncle Tomism was a "tactical compromise with reality." This is the old reformist-oriented "realistic" theory of "race relations." But reality is a matter of definition, of personal perception. What one man or another perceives to be reality in a given situation may differ, and perhaps neither will accord with objective reality in any way.

At the same time that Cruse heaps praise on Booker T. for being a "smart capitalist," he chastises W. E. B. DuBois, Washington's prime antagonist, for having built no institutions in the South. He neglects to mention, however, that the oppressors opposed and suppressed those institutions DuBois did seek to build—such as black colleges and curricula relevant to the needs of the black liberation struggle. It would seem that Cruse, since he lauds Booker T. as the "theoretician of the new Negro capitalists," would champion Black Capitalism —an act which in a sense would place him in Richard Nixon's camp. Indeed in *Crisis* Cruse advocates a ten-point program which amounts to little more than cooperative Black Capitalism or a radical, class-structured War on Poverty program which he believes must be federally funded! It is a well-known tendency for capitalism to introduce reform measures to offset revolutionary fervor. It would seem that Cruse recognizes this, for on one occasion he claimed that Marcus Garvey was "not a revolutionary but a reformist" because he "fell into the error of trying to fight capitalistic imperialism solely with capitalistic methods of economic organization."

The reason Cruse can readily praise the likes of Booker T. is because he himself thinks Black Power is "militant Booker T-ism" and in fact sometimes sounds like a Marxist-culture-tainted Booker T-ist with direct descent through the "negritude" theorist Leopold Senghor (who came under heavy criticism from young black African revolutionaries at the Pan-African Cultural Festival in Algiers).

Cruse readily admits that the "functional role of the black intellectual demands that he cannot be absolutely separated from either the black or white world." The problem is more in the crippling lack of "unique ideas" within the black movement. This leaves it relatively defenseless against encroachment and "commandeering" by spurious revolutionary forces.

"The necessity upon Afro-America," says Cleaver, is "to move now, to begin functioning as a nation, to assume its sovereignty, to demand that that sovereignty be recognized by other nations of the world." This is both nationalistic and Marxist-Leninist. At one point Cleaver states that he seriously doubts that our problems can be solved "short of a civil and guerrilla war." But neither a "war" nor any solution short of it will come to pass if black intellectuals do not rise above this "crisis" and (with the help of all possible allies) develop a viable new black ideology which successfully combines the instruments of nationalist and anti-imperialist thought made relevant to the context and the new needs of Afro-American liberation.

Nathan Hare is the publisher of The Black Scholar. His next book, The Black Consciousness, *will be published soon.*

THE CORPORATE IDEAL IN THE LIBERAL STATE, 1900-1918. *By James Weinstein. Boston: Beacon Press. Beacon paperback, 1969. $2.95.*

Murray Rothbard.

HOW DID AMERICA get this way? During the Johnson Administration many liberals came to the realization that something had gone very wrong in America, that some canker had entered their Welfare State idyll. But, having recognized that Lyndon Johnson was clearly a monster and the Viet-Nam war and American militarism

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intolerable, they were hard put to explain the further fact that Johnson and the war had emerged directly out of the tradition and the personnel of the great New Deal and its god Franklin D. Roosevelt—that same FDR whom Lyndon had always thought of as "Big Daddy." For, in fact, just as Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey are nothing if not New Deal liberals, so the military-industrial complex, overseas expansion and foreign wars are nothing if not the outgrowth of New Deal liberalism. And if this is so, then perhaps something was rotten about the New Deal itself.

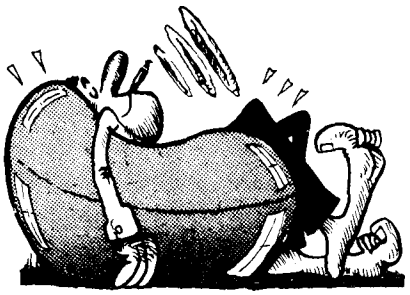
In order to fully understand the mess that America is in, it is necessary to go back and explain the genesis of the current liberal order. Until a few years ago, everyone—historians and the general public, leftists and rightists—thought they understood how the present system began, and everyone conceived of its origins in much the same terms. The Welfare-Warfare/Mixed-economy State began in earnest during the era of progressivism, from about 1900 through World War I. It was in those years that the entire complex of big government—regulatory agencies, foreign intervention, the income tax, the Federal Reserve System, the draft (as we know it) and all the rest of our current state monopoly structure—was spawned. And everyone, whatever his political philosophy or status in life, understood that these progressive measures originated in a drive by the mass of the public, especially workers, farmers, social workers and leftish intellectuals, to use big government to curb a big business monopoly that had been advancing in the late nineteenth century. The progressive years saw the rise of big government as a weapon in the hands of the masses to curb big business. Hence progressivism, and hence the later New Deal, Fair Deal, and the various heroes of the liberal Pantheon: Wilson, FDR, Harry Truman.

Both conservatives and liberals saw the facts of the case in much the same way: it was "the people" and their agent Big Government vs. Big Business. To the liberals this was progress into the light, leaving the "reactionary obstructionism" of big business behind; to the right wing, it was the wicked rabble rising up in an envious attempt to pull down and hobble their big business superiors. But though the heroes and villains were reversed for the right and the left, both groups read the essence of American history in the twentieth century in much the same way. And both were dead wrong.

It is only in recent years that scholars have begun to rip away the cloak of liberal interpretation that has tragically misled generations of Americans. The great pioneer in this "revisionist"* history has been Professor William Appleman Williams, formerly of the University of Wisconsin and now at the University of Oregon. Williams' remarkable work was to become the major source of historical revisionism in both vitally important areas of twentieth-century American history: foreign policy and the nature of the domestic economy. In both areas, Williams has led the way in destroying the prevailing myths of liberalism. In diplomatic history, his special field, he has blazed a path in overturning the myth of the altruism of American "collective security," the "internationalism" that liberals have always worshipped as the replacement for old-fashioned "selfish" isolationism. Williams showed that this altruistic internationalism was, in reality, a ruthless American imperialism and expansionism on behalf of big business interests. His students and followers (including Walter LaFeber, Lloyd Gardner, Robert Freeman Smith, Thomas McCormick, Henry Berger, Martin J. Sklar, Ronald Radosh, and, most recently and effectively, Gabriel Kolko) have created a rapidly growing body of penetrating revisionism in American foreign policy, particularly in regard to the Cold War.

But Williams, in his seminal book, *The Contours of American History* (1961), also set forth the essence of a complete revisionism of the liberal view of the origins of the American economic system. The measures of the progressive era, he pointed out, far from being the result of a mass movement to curb big business, were put in by big business itself in order to shift the economy from a relatively

* This concept of "revisionism" among historians has nothing to do with "revisionism" as it is known and hated among Marxists. Rather, it is the Beard-Barnes concept of revisionism, of the historian who rips away the "appearances" of historical events as propagated by governments and official apologists, and penetrates to the essential reality underneath. In historiography, the revisionist is the truth-bearer, particularly in relation to wartime propaganda.



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laissez-faire system to a corporate state economy of monopoly privilege, in which a suitably tamed and conservative labor unionism was encouraged to take its place as a junior partner. And the liberal intellectuals played a crucial role in weaving sweet-sounding apologias for corporate rule—hence Williams' brilliant term, "corporate liberals."

What Williams had sketched out was brought to fruition in the great and definitive work by Gabriel Kolko, *The Triumph of Conservatism: A Reinterpretation of American History, 1900-1916* (1963). In elaborate detail, Kolko examined all of the major progressive and regulatory measures and demonstrated conclusively that their original motivation, far from being an attempt to curb business, was in fact a drive by big business itself to impose a cartellized economy for its own benefit. It was the railroads, seeking subsidy and monopoly privilege, which pushed through the ICC, the bankers who put through the Federal Reserve System, and so forth. In one sense, Kolko went beyond Williams by showing that the reason for the desperate drive for government regulation was that big business interests (e.g., J. P. Morgan) had already tried very hard to impose monopolies and cartels upon the free market and had failed. Defeated by the forces of competition, they turned to big government to impose upon the country the very reign of big business that they had failed to achieve in the free market.

Since Kolko's work, it has become impossible to lament the "corruption" of the various regulatory commissions from a supposed original pristine state into their present status as tools of the industries they regulate. As Williams did with foreign policy, Kolko has shown that in domestic affairs there has been no fall from grace, no corrupting descent from a liberal Golden Age under Wilson or Roosevelt. The whole system was rotten from its very inception.

JAMES WEINSTEIN'S *The Corporate Ideal in the Liberal State, 1900-1918* is an important reinforcement and complement to the Kolko volumes. A friend and follower of Williams, Weinstein concentrates not on the individual industries and the various pieces of progressive legislation—as did Kolko—but rather on the ideology of the corporatist business leaders and the impact of that ideology. Weinstein studies the determined drive by business leaders to replace an approximately *laissez-faire* economy by a corporatist system of state-protected monopoly which integrated a conservative unionism into the overall framework. Focusing in large part on the archives of the National Civic Federation, once the leading establishment organization of corporatist business leaders, Weinstein shows, for example, how these leaders scorned not only the socialism and anarcho-syndicalism of the left, but also the "anarchists" of the National Association of Manufacturers. For in those days, the NAM represented primarily small businessmen devoted to *laissez-faire*. So while liberal and Old Left historians have always made the NAM and the openly anti-union employers the major villains of modern American history, Weinstein sees that the true villains were not men of integrity devoted to a free-market economy, but the far wealthier and more sophisticated "enlightened" big business corporatists, who managed to mold a union movement and a political economy which they could govern.

There are many fascinating points made in this lively but scholarly book. We see that the corporatist big businessmen were a major force behind the "progressive" workmen's compensation laws, acting not out of humanitarian goodness but from a desire to use government to cripple their smaller and higher-cost competitors. There is also the observation that the Sherman Act, always hailed as a paragon of anti-monopoly legislation, actually had the effect of promoting mergers and business consolidations. For if temporary cartels and price agreements were outlawed, then the only way for firms to collaborate was to merge outright—surely a more monopolistic alternative than a cartel, which always could (and usually did) fall apart from market forces. One hopes that some scholar will follow the lead of Kolko and Weinstein and study the origins of the Sherman Act. Could it be that big businessmen originally welcomed this law?

Weinstein also highlights the importance of an era sadly neglected by scholars: the "war collectivism" of World War I. It was the American experience in World War I that set the stage not only for the ensuing U.S. wars of this century, but also for a fully coordinated, collectivized economy dominated by big business interests. Not just in the United States but also in major European countries, business found that it could mobilize and plan the entire economy, with each industry being run by representatives from its largest firms—a system which left business basking in the sunshine of guaranteed profits through cost-plus war contracts. Furthermore, it was this war collectivism that inspired the development of the economy of fascism. Weinstein's illuminating chapter on the war points up the need for a definitive study of the economic planning of that era, at home and abroad.

I have a few disagreements with Weinstein's approach, but these are relatively minor matters of weight and emphasis. Weinstein adopts the Williams rather than the Kolko position, holding that American industry was rapidly being monopolized on the free market even before the advent of progressivism, which then added merely a tighter monopoly to the previous system. Furthermore, while the desire to undercut the growth of socialism was undoubtedly one reason for the corporatist drive to reshape the economy, I do not believe that the Socialist Party was ever such a menace to the existing order as to place fear over venality as the major motivation of big business.

But these are minor differences. With this book, Weinstein joins Kolko in uprooting the standard liberal myth of the noble genesis of the current corporatist monopoly system in America. All too often, American history is written as one long record of apologetics for power—past and present. Weinstein, like Williams and Kolko before him, and like Charles A. Beard before them all, writes as a true historian—as an independent scholar in fearless search for the truth, and not as a fawning servitor to power. How we Americans think of our past is crucially important to how we will deal with our present, and therefore to how we will shape our future. Hopefully, Weinstein's book will play a major role in awakening the American public to the truth about its past and its present. And in this way it could help to mold the future.

Murray Rothbard is a professor of economics at Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and the author of America's Great Depression (*Van Nostrand, 1963*).

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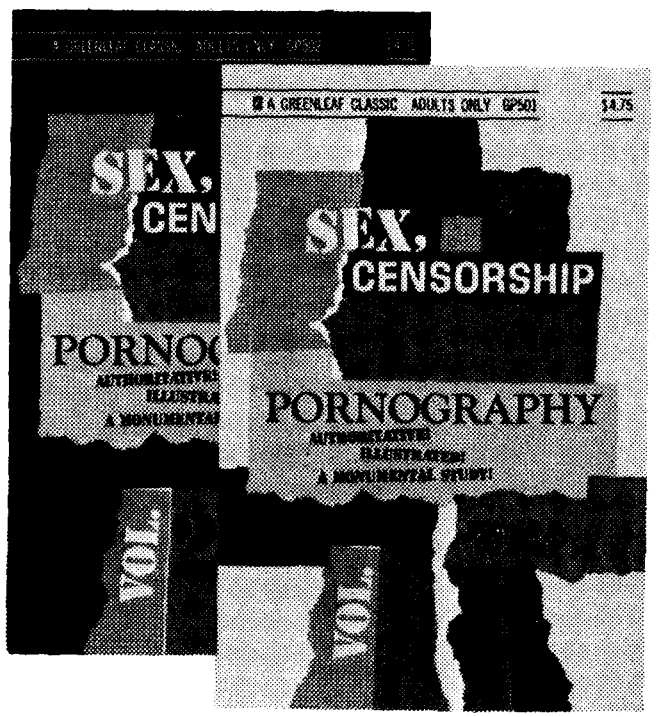

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THE TRIAL OF DR. SPOCK. *By Jessica Mitford. Knopf, 1969. $5.95.*

Malcolm Burnstein

THE INCOMPREHENSIBILITY of our judicial procedure usually leaves the lay spectator with a feeling of boredom, disbelief, despair or some combination thereof. American trials often reveal heavy overlays of artificiality and theatricality (the Manual of Procedure for military trials is even called "the script" by military lawyers). Miss Mitford, however, has made even the boredom involved in the Spock trial take on an air of the pathetic and the hilarious; and she has exposed its theatricality as another device used to strip the judicial victim of his own humanity. Her insightful reporting is a welcome change from the usual journalistic treatment of judicial procedure, which is often more confusing than the real thing itself. The most serious criticism I can make of the book is that it is perhaps so funny in places as to blunt the basic tragedy in the U.S. government's attempt to jail the world's leading pediatrician for trying to save the lives of the babies raised on his advice.

Dr. Spock and cohorts sought a trial of the legality and morality of the Viet-Nam war, and for that they were willing to take serious personal risks. But they did not get a trial of the war; the judge and the prosecution simply would not allow it. Moreover, the government resorted to the device of prosecution for conspiracy rather than for the substantive act of counseling draft resistance. Thus it was possible to get a conviction, whether or not the defendants had ever actually counseled or aided resistance to the draft. Under the conspiracy rules, it was necessary only to show that the defendants agreed, even tacitly, to so counsel or aid in the future. In such a tangled web of law the government, with the active aid of the trial judge, removed the war in Viet-Nam so far from the courtroom that the American Revolution and the First Amendment to the Constitution became substantially more important issues.

At best, therefore, the issue of the trial was: should Americans be allowed to engage in political attacks on government policy? As the judge refused to instruct the jury on First Amendment principles, the negative verdict was not surprising.

The conduct of Judge Ford was so outrageously partisan that only the recent antics of Judge Hoffman in the Chicago "conspiracy" trial can remind us more vividly that in political trials we must expect unfair treatment, and we can only stare in awe at a judge who affords a political defendant and his counsel a modicum of fairness and decency. Miss Mitford has insured Judge Ford his well-earned place in a long line of domestic heresy seekers, inquisitors and xenophobes.

Political trials are strange and wonderful things. Almost certainly the judge and the prosecution will go to any length to keep the defense from raising or explaining the political issues involved—thereby leaving popular prejudice and misconception uncontradicted—and will seek instead to limit the issue to whether or not the defendant in fact did or said some specific thing. In addition to that peculiarity, it happens that in political cases the rulings on procedural matters and the sentencing after conviction almost always differ (and remarkably so) from such rulings in non-political cases. What ordinary "criminal" would be denied a short trial delay to allow his lawyer to recover from a gall-bladder operation? But Bobby Seale was denied precisely that right in the Chicago "conspiracy" trial. And what common disturbing-the-peace or unlawful assembly conviction carries a one year (or *any*) jail sentence, like those given to some of the students recently convicted of nothing more than attending an S.F. State College strike rally earlier this year?

THE SPOCK CASE involved five defendants and five sets of lawyers—some of them, especially the lawyers, trying as hard as possible to disassociate themselves from the others. If there had ever been a "conspiracy" between the defendants in Boston, Miss Mitford makes it clear that it had certainly disappeared by the time of the trial. In fact it was obvious to most observers, and to the Appellate Court, that there was not and never had been any conspiracy between the five defendants, either in the usual *or* the legal meaning of that term.

Essentially, what the government proved was only that some of the defendants took part in or agreed with various demonstrations and public statements opposing the war and encouraging draft resistance. However, the law of conspiracy is so vague and so confusing that it is easy to see how even relatively decent jurors could have been hoodwinked

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by the judge and prosecutor into believing that it applied to those acts.

The reversal of the conviction by the Court of Appeals last July was in a way even less satisfying than the rulings of Judge Ford, for two reasons. First, the Appellate Court failed to vindicate the defendants' claim that the legitimacy of the war was a relevant issue. More disappointing, the Court gave little more consideration than did Judge Ford to weighing the conspiracy law against the guarantees of the First Amendment. Although the defendants won the appeal and will apparently never be retried, the government's weapon against political dissidents, the conspiracy prosecution, was hardly scratched, and the Chicago "conspiracy" trial is not likely to be affected at all by the Spock reversal.

All in all, the Spock trial was the finest hour for almost nobody except Miss Mitford. Dr. Spock himself fares best, for he departed least from his characteristic honesty, integrity, candor and humor. Several of the other defendants, particularly Reverend Coffin, were occasionally caught in trying to be both morally honest and legally sophistical (apparently at the urging of counsel), and were properly made to look the fool for the attempt. Judge Ford played Judge Ford. The prosecution team was composed of perhaps the worst breed of men, those who fail to see the dishonesty and hypocrisy of their own platitudes and who are thus doomed to continued self-righteousness. One was reminded of Hannah Arendt's description of the "banality of evil."

The various teams of defense lawyers (the absence of a single defense team being an obvious weakness and error) occasionally played into the government's hands in going by the government's rules. It is, of course, easy to criticize a loser, and that is not my intention here. Probably no defense would have won against Judge Ford; but Miss Mitford's description suggests that a more openly political defense might at least have made the loss a little less frustrating.

Malcolm Burnstein is one of the lawyers who successfully defended seven Bay Area activists against conspiracy charges arising from the 1967 Stop the Draft Week demonstrations.

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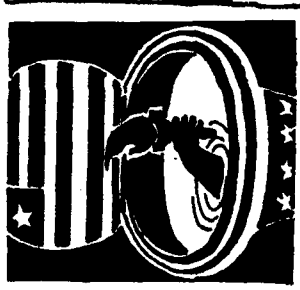

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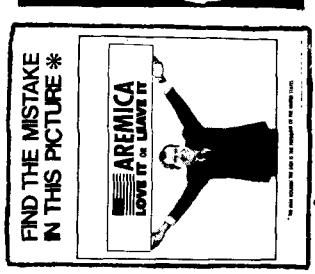

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Norman Mailer: Dialogue with a Non-mayor

Louis Grant

[I]

GRANT HAD BEEN unable to reach Mayor Mailer by phone to tell him he was coming to Gracie Mansion for an interview. Grant figured he knew why: "The phone rang one morning and Mayor Norman Mailer, operating on his own principle of war games and random play, did not pick it up. (It was taken for granted that nothing respectable would come out of the day if the morning began on the phone, and indeed during periods when the Mayor was writing he looked on transactions via telephone as Muslims look upon pig.)"

The last time Grant had seen Mailer was in March, at the National Book Award ceremonies at Lincoln Center. Grant had noticed Mailer there munching on a ladyfinger. The Mayor-to-be was dressed like Edmund Wilson in a dark striped suit and vest. There seemed to be a great deal of extra flesh on his face which, like Plasticine children's clay, could be molded to suit his mood. At the time, his face wore the mock-happy grin with which one accepts slaps on the back from people one does not admire or even care to know. Grant was reminded of something Mailer had written in "Some Children of the Goddess" for Esquire's Literary Prognostication Issue of 1963: "Nobody can live in the world without shaking the hand of people he despises." But, Grant would have liked to ask, does one have to accept awards from them too? It seemed to Grant that Mailer had begun to do a great deal more of such handshaking than he had done in the past.

Mailer was a curious amalgam of pure genius and pure shit. How could he be so intelligent about others and so stupid about himself? Curiously, for all his crap about navigating the Upper Amazon of the eye, he could only see out, but not in. Otherwise, how could he permit himself to be put in the position of accepting an award for his least and easiest achievement, *The Armies of the Night* (a self-indulgent and flabby book, written from the viewpoint of the literary buffoon), from the same award-givers who had ignored his finest works, *An American Dream* and *Why Are We In Vietnam?* In the very book being honored (which perhaps should have been called *Evening the Score*), Mailer had slapped at this failure in judgment by the Award Committee: "In fact, the last time Mailer had heard of Mitch Goodman was when the latter had led a small group of protesters out of the large hotel banquet hall . . . at the National Book Award festivities in 1967. Mailer had not attended. He had been boycotting the affair for several years—not that it mattered to anyone, but Mailer thought it was the least he could do, since none of his books had even been considered for an award, let alone given one."

And yet there he was, clasping to his starched shirt the booby prize, an award in the Category of Arts and Letters, telling one of his fustian jokes about why Sartre should not have turned down the Nobel Prize, in order to explain—yes, he knew explanations were in order—why he was accepting a National Book Award. Grant wondered if Mailer had taken seriously his nomination for the Nobel Prize by Eliot Fremont-Smith, the New York Times' daily book reviewer of years past. The Times did a lot of Nobel-nominating. Grant had noticed that reviewer John Lenard had just nominated Nabokov for a Nobel. Perhaps Mailer thought the Times dispensed the Nobel Prizes as well. Mailer seemed somewhat confused. You could see the hatred he felt for the incomprehensible Jerzy Kosinski, who had been allowed to perch—without fanfare, bullshit or bombast, a thin, insubstantial ghost of a man—in the gilded cage of the Fiction Award Mailer himself had coveted. Why then did he accept the award? Because (endearing honesty! good fellowship!) he liked prizes.

If he had ever really resembled a fighter (perhaps he did somewhat back in 1963), Mailer resembled far more the caricature of a fighter in March, 1969. He was the Rocky Graziano of Contemporary Letters, living "in the sarcophagus of his image." (Little did Grant know at the time that he was also the John Lindsay.) Mailer had become a professional celebrity. For some time Grant had wondered when Mailer, like the former greats of all the professions, would begin making television commercials. Grant could envision Mailer selling Halo Shampoo for $5000 a minute. Perhaps in March that was Grant's vision of the Apocalypse: Norman Mailer pitching Halo Shampoo on NBC. "Want a fuck? Try Halo," says Mailer, sticking his head out from behind the shower curtain. "All us novelists use it." Perhaps now, in view of recent events, Grant had another vision of the Apocalypse: Norman Mailer playing Mayor of New York.

[II]

"'I REFUSE TO SAY I'm serious,' Mailer told a small crowd at a fund-raising party. He hunched and rolled his shoulders like a fighter, which

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he enjoys resembling, and smiled and pursed his lips and held his drink and everybody's rapt attention. 'I think I'm serious. All day I'm serious. Then I get up in the morning and I look in the mirror and I say: You're not serious.' "

Now we may leave Life Magazine to find out what really happened. Oddly enough, when Grant arrived at the Mayor's palatial home overlooking the polluted East River, Mailer was not writing at all. He was standing on the steps of Gracie Mansion, surrounded by motion picture cameras. Robert Lowell, recently appointed by the new Mayor to the office of Poet Laureate of New York, was standing off to the side, a lean and hungry look on his face.

Grant thought he recognized Norman Podhoretz behind a camera. "Take one," yelled somebody, "The Making of a Mayor—1969, or Am I Serious?"

The Mayor was squeezing the left breast of Miss Subways 1969 with his right hand. His left hand he flourished in the air in a declamatory manner. "Being or Nothingness!" said the Mayor. "We are up against an existential situation," he continued. "We do not know how it is going to turn out, and what is even more inspiring of dread is that the government doesn't know either." As Grant watched the filming of "The Making of a Mayor," half-absorbed, half-repulsed, he noticed several corpses floating by on the East River. In what Grant took to be the final scene, Mailer whipped out his cock and took a mighty leak (such as Homer sung—in *Armies of the Night*) into that majestic stream.

Grant approached Mailer with some diffidence. One never knew which of the many Mailers would confront one at any given moment. Would it be the Existentialist, would it be the Historian, the Novelist, perhaps, even, the Mayor—or, dread thought—the Beast? Grant, who had once fainted dead away at the sight of Sonny Liston on television, knew he was no match for the Beast.

"You know, Norman," said Grant, hoping to start things off on the right foot, "I really think you are the best writer in America."

"Well, Ted," said Mailer, using Grant's nickname for the first time that day, "there are days when I think of myself as the best *mayor* in America."

"I hope you don't think," said Grant,

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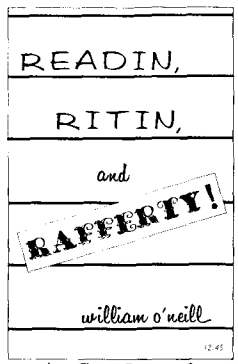

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Publicizing Jethro Tull has been no bed of roses. Like in what we thought was a pretty witty advertisement for their *This Was* album, we said the group was "four Englishmen who often appear in public as old men; shaggy hair, beards powdered with white, age lines on their faces." And that their namesake was "the man who invented the plough three centuries ago, or so."

Well, no sooner was the ink dry on these ads that Ian Anderson, the group's flutist and lead singer, described, in a prestigious underground rock publication, all of the above as "not a silly milli-particle less than 'absolute bull...' " (we at Reprise wish to spare the community the decay Ian's actual wording might cause). According to Ian, Jethro Tull was, in fact, an eighteenth century musician who invented the seed drill. He also said the group has never, nor ever would appear as "old men" in public.

Which made us feel pretty shitty.

But, never ones to let hurt feelings stand in the way of business, we have miraculously picked ourselves up off the floor and written, yes, *ANOTHER JETHRO TULL AD*, this one for their swell new album, *STAND UP*.

Between the time of our Great Embarrassment and the completion of this new bag of groovies, a couple of things have changed with Jethro Tull: (1) Jethro Tull have made it across the U.S. a couple of times, and not gone unnoticed. In one show we caught, the audience applauded when their amps were wheeled on stage. It built from there.

(2) Their first album—*This Was*—on Reprise has been a rewarding experience to our sales guys, whose initial reaction to Jethro Tull was, "Gawd, not another one?"

(3) And Ian's chagrin over our transgressions has abated. Slightly.

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hopelessly nonplussed, "I didn't mean to imply . . . it's just that I have such *respect* for good writing."

"Well, I don't know that I do," said Mailer. "It's much harder to run the city of New York."

Chuckles. Headmastership!

"I'm very much interested in your new book on the mayoralty race," Grant told Mailer.

"Yes. Well, let me make clear right from the start that I'm not in sympathy with the title of the book, *Running Against the Machine*. I wanted to call it *On the Steps of Gracie Mansion: The Mayor as Novelist / The Novelist as Mayor*. But my co-authors outvoted me. Brutus, I mean Breslin over there, kept insisting that I was only one of seven contributors to the book. He's become very uncooperative as of late."

"Many people were surprised when you survived defeat in the Democratic primary on June 17 and came back to win on November 5," said Grant.

"I was one of the many," said Mailer. "You may recall that my talent for political fortune-telling (quite apart from my reading of the literary tea leaves) has never been notable. In an article in Esquire I predicted that Barry Goldwater would be elected president in 1964, and in a piece in the Village Voice I explained why John Lindsay would not be elected Mayor of New York in 1965. When Jimmy and I lost the nomination in June, I had no time to consider my political future, let alone what my next step would be. Most of the month of July went into watching the moon shot on television and writing my next National Book Award winner, *On the Steps of the Moon: The Novelist as Astronaut/The Astronaut as Novelist*.

"Do you in any way account for your success in this new book?" asked Grant.

"Yes, certainly," said Mailer. "We were elected for our ideas. That much is clear. As I told that reporter from Life in May, 'Nobody would vote us in because of who we are, so if we win, it is for our ideas.' "

"You don't think it had anything to do with the Earthquake of November 4, which killed seven million New Yorkers?" asked Grant.

"No," said Mailer. "It was for our ideas."

"What are those ideas?" asked Grant.

"First of all," said Mailer, "the people of New York City—those remaining —are going to have to stop thinking of me as their Mayor and begin thinking of me as their Governor. When New York City becomes the 51st state, the State of the City of New York, and I am elected its Governor—when, in effect, New York is ready to show the way to the rest of Western Civilization through this action—we will be on the road to salvation. When I am elected Governor I should then, in a sense, be relieved of all duties and responsibilities. Power must return to the neighborhoods. In the new city-state, every opportunity would be offered to neighborhoods to vote to become townships, villages, hamlets, sub-boroughs, tracts, or small cities, at which legal point they would be funded directly by the 51st state.

"Many of these neighborhoods would manage their own municipal services, their police, sanitation, fire protection, education, parks, or—like very small towns—they could if they wished, combine services with other neighborhoods. In this way I would be relieved of onerous duties and be able to enjoy the privileges of public office—maybe have another go at the Bitch. You know, Jimmy and I had another important plank in our platform: Put the English language back into politics."

"I remember," said Grant.

"Several years ago," said Mailer, "I was talking to Gore Vidal about the novel. We were reminiscing in mutually sour fashion over the various pirates, cutthroats, racketeers, assassins, pimps, rape artists, and general finks . . ."

"But no mayors or governors," said Grant.

"Don't interrupt," said Mailer, ". . . we had encountered in our separate travels through the literary world. And we went on at length, commenting—Gore with a certain bitter joy, I with some uneasiness—upon the decline of the novel in recent years. We were speaking as trade unionists."

"As the infantrymen of the arts," interjected Grant, "as literary jockstrappers."

"Exactly," said Mailer. " 'The novel is like the Great Bitch in one's life,' I told Gore. 'We think we're rid of her, we go on to other women, we take our pulse and decide that finally we're enjoying ourselves, we're free of her power, we'll never suffer her depredations again, and then we turn a corner on a street, and there's the Bitch smiling at us, and we're trapped. We know the Bitch has got us.' "

Grant was curious about the metaphor. He wondered if Mailer took his metaphors seriously. "Does the Bitch have you or do you have the Bitch?" Grant asked. "I remember you wrote, 'If *Some Came Running* had turned out to be the best novel any of us had written since the war, I would have had to get to work. It would have meant the Bitch was in love with someone else, and I would have had to try to win her back. But the failure of *Some Came Running* left me holding onto a buttock of the Lady—if she had many lovers, I was still one of them.' "

"In a manner of speaking," said Mailer, "we have each other."

"I hope so," said Grant in parting. "I always preferred your fiction to all this other crap." This he said after locking the cab door. He didn't want to confront the Beast *mano a mano*. Reflecting on his interview with the Mayor, Grant remembered something Mailer had written in *Armies of the Night:* "Mailer had the most developed sense of image. . . . He had in fact learned to live in the sarcophagus of his image. . . . Of necessity, part of Mailer's remaining fund of sensitivity went right into the war of supporting his image and working for it. Sometimes he thought his relation to this image was not unlike some poor fellow who strains his very testicles to bring in emoluments for his wife yet is never favored with carnal knowledge of her."

Grant, without meaning to doubt Mailer's literary manhood, feared that this image of his image might be more accurate than the author intended. He wondered if the Mayor would ever really knock up the Bitch again.

"The wish to go back to that long novel, announced six years ago, and changed in the mind by all of seven years, may be here again," Mailer had written, "and if that is so, I will have yet to submit to the prescription laid down by the great physician Dr. James Joyce —'silence, exile, and cunning.' But, one hopes not; the patient is too gregarious for the prescription."

Louis Grant is a free-lance writer and book critic. He is a frequent contributor to Ramparts.

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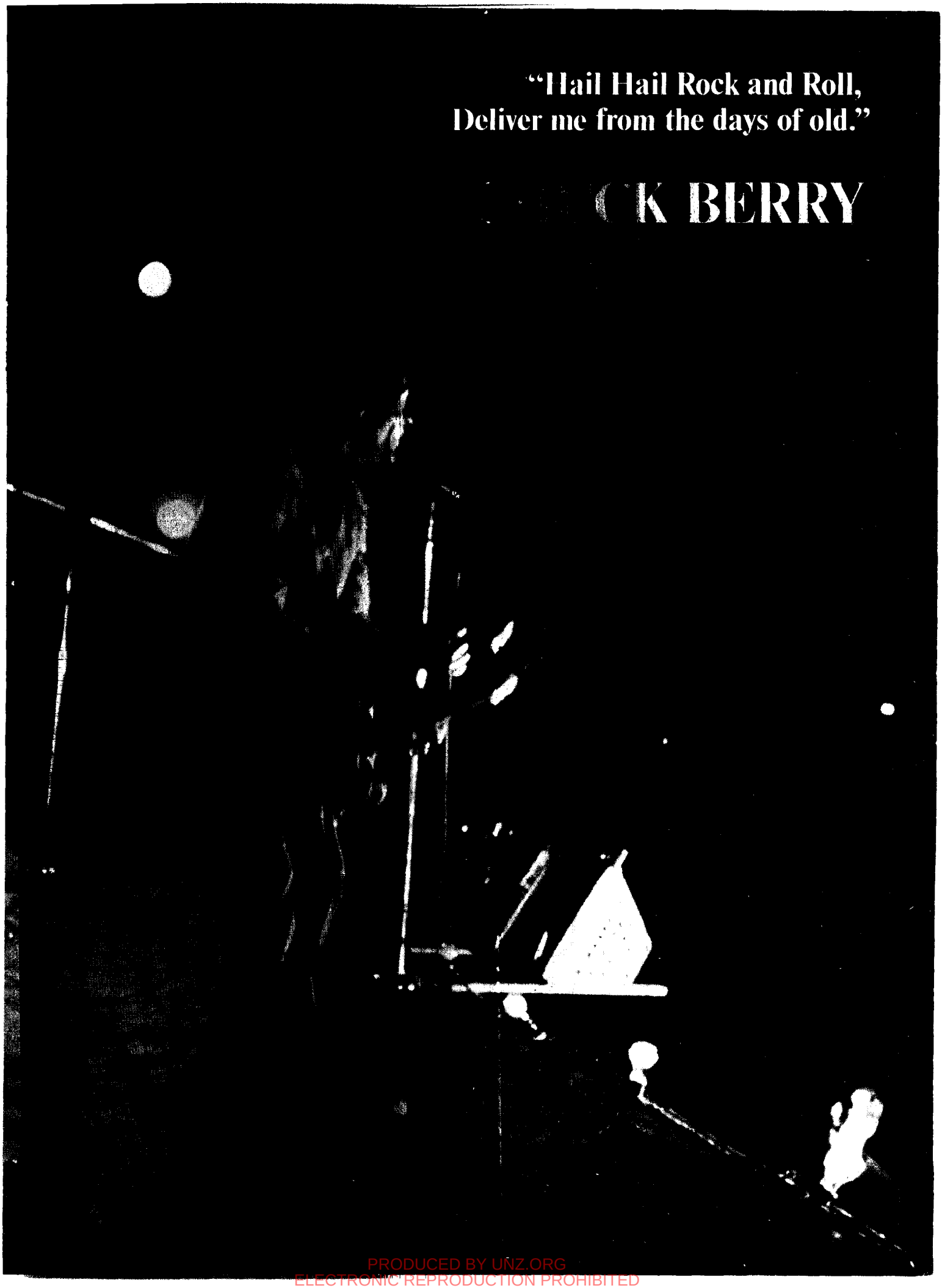

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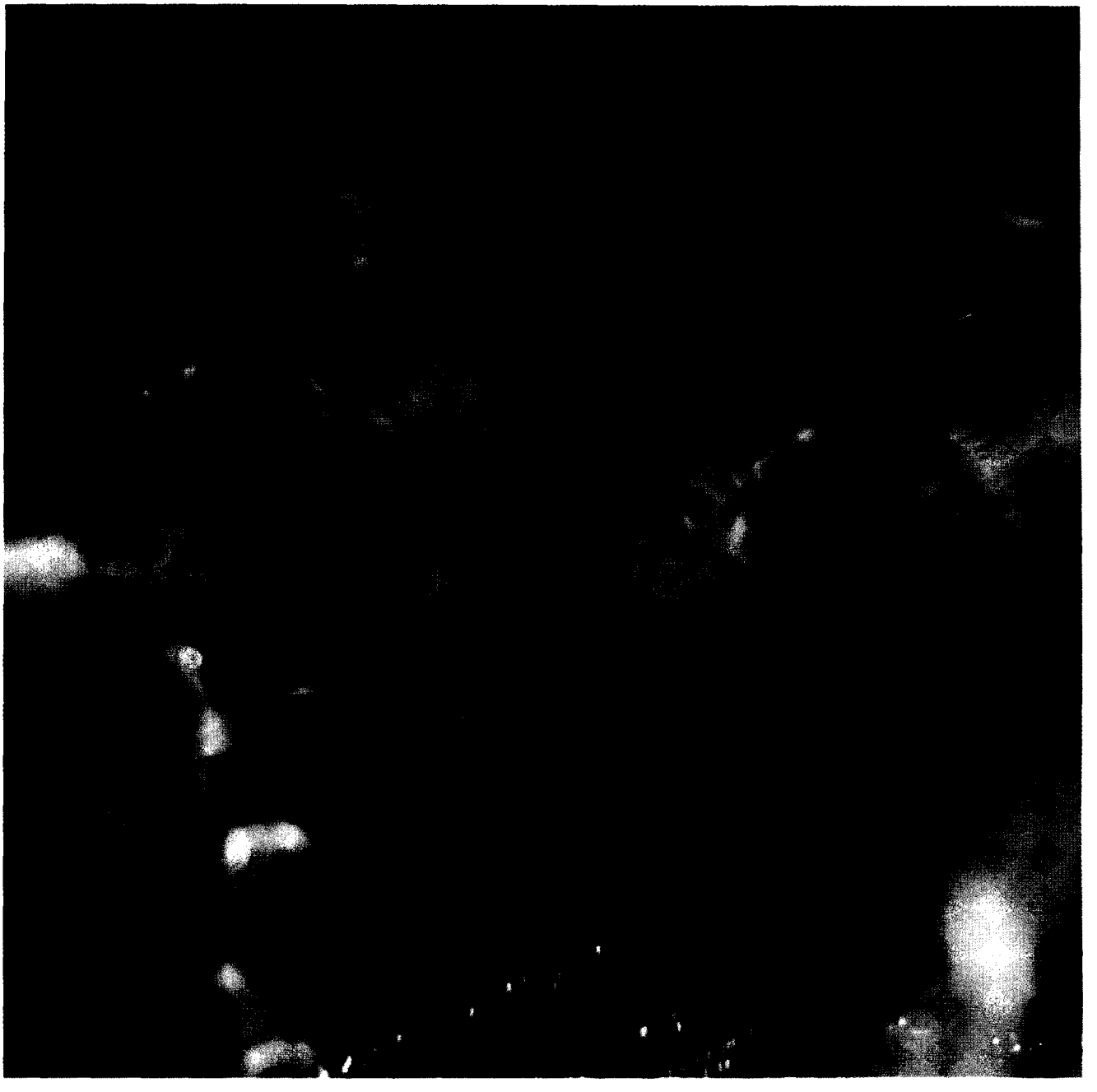

The white youth of today have begun to react to the fact that the "American Way of Life" is a fossil of history. What do they care if their old baldheaded and crew-cut elders don't dig their caveman mops? They couldn't care less about the old stiffassed honkies who don't like their new dances.... All they know is that it feels good to swing to way-out body-rhythms instead of dragassing across the dance floor like zombies to the dead beat of mind-smothered Mickey Mouse music.... To the youth, the elders are Ugly Americans; to the elders, the youth have gone mad.

—*Eldridge Cleaver, "The White Race and Its Heroes,"* Soul on Ice

Photographs by Jim Marshall

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"LET'S WELCOME TO THE FILLMORE the man who made contemporary music, CHUCK *BERRY*." Deafening applause. Berry leapt out into the spotlight and up to the mike.

"All right?" he shouted.

"All right!" said the crowd.

"All right?"

"All right!"

"All *right!*" said Chuck. "Yeah! It's nice to be back in California, I needed the sunshine." Rippled laughter. He took a pose, chopped a quick chord, and sang.

Up in the morning and out to school
The teacher is teaching the golden rule . . .

He had on a black shirt, loose yellow slacks, and yellow shoes with chains across the instep. His long hair was tousled, his face already stippled with sweat.

Working your fingers right down to the bone,
And the guy behind you won't leave you alone . . .

His mouth was tight, his eyes looked out from a frosted distance behind his high Indian-proud cheekbones.

Back in the classroom, open your books,
Gee, but the teacher don't know how mean she looks . . .

Street corner hustler and show business dude, he was arrogantly elegant and vice versa, and his staccato choruses rolled out in whiplash strands.

Soon as three o'clock rolls around,
You finally lay your burden down,
Close your books, get out of your seat,
Down the halls and into the street . . .

The crowd—the standard long-haired, dropped-out, stoned-out mob—made little squeals as the song moved toward the climax. The red Gibson flashed in his hands like a rapier, his body lithe as a willow.

Drop the coin right into the slot,
You've gotta hear something that's really hot,
With the one you love you're making romance,
All day long you've wanted to dance . . .

As the crowd breathed a near audible yeah of recognition, Chuck chanted what had been, a decade before, the prophetic incantation of a generation.

Hail, hail, Rock 'n' Roll!
Deliver me from the days of old,
Long live Rock 'n' Roll!
The beat of the drum so loud and bold,
Rock, Rock, Rock 'n' Roll!
The feeling is there body and soul.
—Chuck Berry, "School Days"*

He commanded the stage, magically looking not a day older nor one whit changed, creating a live rerun of a time gone by. To comprehend that handsome figure was to re-experience an era, to taste adolescence and the fifties; and the memories he evoked were memories of himself. The presence of Chuck Berry made past and present one, packed into one complete moment the feelings of a young lifetime growing up in America, and then opened up the way to exaltation, to digging who you had been, who you were, and who you could become . . .

Hail, hail, Rock 'n' Roll!
Deliver me from the days of old.

by Michael Lydon

TO GET TO BERRY PARK, Chuck Berry's combination amusement park/country club near Wentzville, Missouri, you take Interstate 70 about 40 miles out of St. Louis and get off on Highway 61. It's the same exit as for Hannibal, and it's real Huck Finn country, corn and bovine lushness shadowed by massive clouds and pervaded by a damply buzzing August heat. Off from 61, Highway Z angles through Wentzville, past the Kroger and Ben Franklin stores, across the railroad tracks and by the grain elevator ("THE FARMERS OF THIS STATE BUILT AND PAID FOR A LOT OF ELEVATORS BUT THIS ONE THEY OWN," a fading sign proclaims). Then it cuts out into the country and takes you the last five miles to the park.

Chuck has lived in a house hidden on the Berry Park grounds for about six years—since he got out of jail. The house is well appointed for his hobbies—with a guitar-shaped swimming pool, a darkroom, a videotape machine, a professional recording studio—and he lives there in self-sufficient semi-seclusion. On one hand still a public person, he is the park's full-time host and manager as well as barbecue chef for the big catered parties held there. He tours actively, playing between 50 and 100 dates a year, and in the past three years he has recorded five albums.

On the other hand he is a virtual recluse. He delivers his albums to Mercury Records as finished tapes for them to press and distribute; otherwise, he avoids the company. "Don't want to complain," complained a Mercury executive, "but yeah, he's a stubborn guy, living in the boondocks, taking no advice. Set in his ways, I'd call it. Sometimes he won't even return phone calls." Berry has cut his touring down to quick trips to the job and back to Wentzville by himself, taking only a guitar and a small suitcase. "I'm proud to say that if you call me in the morning, and if there's a plane going to where you're at, I'll play and please you in the evening," he said not long ago. In San Francisco he stays at the Civic Center Hotel, a decaying fleabag whose only virtue is that it is directly across the street from the Fillmore West's stage door. Room clerks say he seldom leaves his room during the day, and after the last show he streaks to the airport to catch an overnight plane back to St. Louis.

If Berry has close friends, none of his acquaintances know any of them, and no one has seen him in his old St. Louis haunts for a long time. He has given only two interviews in years, and in those, while being polite, he kept to bare facts and ornate rhetoric, taking no stands and telling only what he wanted told. His publicity biographies skim over his life, dwelling on details like his love of home-made chili, strawberry shortcake, and "relaxing at a good movie." Unlike some stars who play an intricate striptease for their public, Chuck Berry is serious about his privacy and, consequently, is successful in defending it.

His guard does come down a little in Wentzville. Everybody in town (pop. 2700) knows him by sight; he's been coming to Wentzville all his life to visit cousins, and he's often seen wheeling through in one of his powder-blue Cadillacs. It's been Caddies for a long time, but once he had a '58 Ford, black with chromed dual pipes, skirts, a Continental spare kit on the back,

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railroad air horns on the hood, and one of those tops that dropped back into the trunk. "Straight nigger machine," says a Wentzvillian.

The townspeople find it hard to figure Chuck. They're not proud of him, and there's never been anything like a Chuck Berry Day. They're curious, but with him that's a frustrating occupation. Not that he's unfriendly, people say, no sir. He had the senior class out to his park for their spring picnic last year for free, just like he let the school use his movie theatre in town for the school play, and he even did the lights for it himself. He's always come by the proms and Legion Hall dances when he could to do some of his old tunes, and now that he owns the Corner Bar, he plays there a little most Friday nights. And he even lets "Dialogue Wentzville," the inter-race meetings of the Human Development Corporation, get together at his place.

It's just that you never get to *know* him. He doesn't put his name to anything; most folks don't know half the things he's doing. Secretive, some call it, saying that "this ex-con rock-singing nigger's gonna buy up the whole place on the sly, and then where'll we be?" A few parents were worried about letting the school kids go out to the park ("he was in jail for a sex crime, you know"), but the kids had a great time, especially when he let them use his videotape machine. He's never done anybody in town any harm—in fact, just the opposite. He's friendly when you meet him, never aloof; it's just that, well, you never know what he's thinking. "What'd he come way out *here* for, when he could be living it up in St. Louis, Chicago, anywhere?"

Berry Park is no Coney Island, and there are no tacky signs for it on Highway Z, just one gothic-lettered placard. It is almost a country club—wide lawns and cool glades; a swimming pool, barbecue pit, tennis courts and boating ponds for the afternoon, a dance hall for the evening, and a small lodge if couples want to spend the night. A few years ago it was *the* place for St. Louis blacks, but now Chuck's name is less of a draw. The park is still popular, though, and with a good crowd it could be the "swing city" Chuck likes to call it.

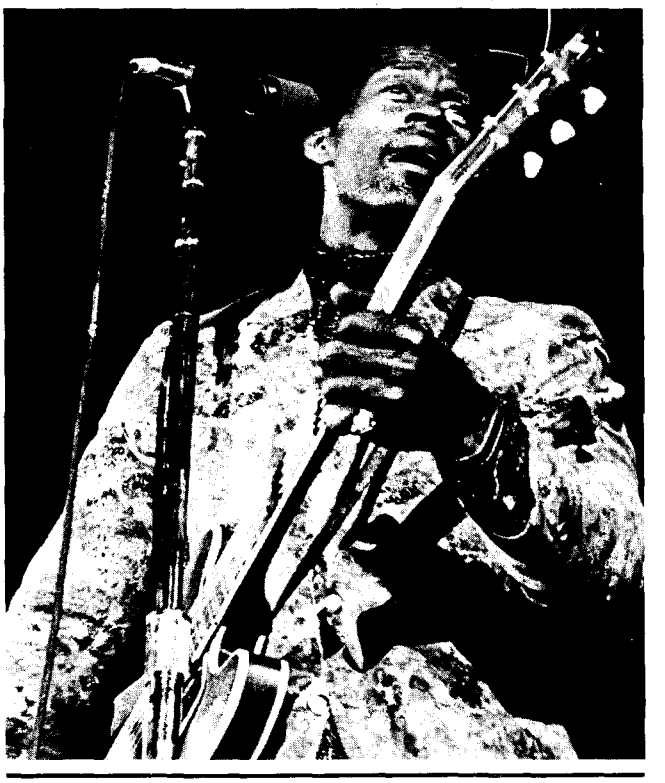
The Sunday afternoon I got there the dull grey sky had discouraged picnickers, and it was deserted. I paid my three dollars to get in and had a hamburger sitting alone by the pool, which the lifeguard was methodically cleaning. A few waitresses were giggling by the grill. Otherwise, silence. Chuck's secretary came out and said Chuck knew I was coming, then disappeared without saying she'd find him. It was nervous work sitting there, as it was my third and necessarily final try for an interview. The first time, at the Fillmore, he had said to come back the next night, "but I won't tell you anything you don't know." The next night, after a half dozen monosyllabic replies, he had snapped, "I don't rap about myself," and walked away. The stillness at the park seemed a bad omen.

Chuck didn't appear, and a waitress named Carol offered to show me around. From the fishpond we saw Chuck cutting weeds by the lodge, and walked toward him. He walked away; we followed and were catching up when he turned. "Carol, go back to work," he said evenly. "You, follow me." He led me to the parking lot. "Now," he said—his brown eyes were nut-hard spots in a polite black mask—"I'm gonna be real busy today, no time to talk to you at all. So you'll please leave." Pause. "Anyway, the park is reserved today for a private affair and no other guests are allowed. Do you doubt my word?" I said I didn't, but I did.

He went to the grill and got me my three dollars. I stood holding it, baffled and angry. He waited a fraction of a second, showing a smile that went no further than his mouth. "Standing in the sun ain't my shot, so . . ." And, acting rather than speaking, he turned back to his work.

"I got my public life and my private life and they is different," he had said at the Fillmore, but the frozen rage behind that mask at Berry Park was more than the annoyance at a reporter's intrusion. "Yeah, he can be moody sometimes," said a motel desk clerk. "Maybe he's an eccentric artist?" Maybe so.

"Hail, hail, Rock 'n' Roll/Deliver me from the days of old." When he wrote that 14 years ago, did he think of rock as a delivering angel? Berry's intent is unfathomable, but the lines mean what they say. Whether he had foreseen it or not, that angel had done its job for kids like me.



But what had it done for him?

His mother told him, "Son, someday you'll be a man,
An' you will be the leader of a big old band,
Many people coming from miles around,
Hear you play your music when the sun go down,
Maybe someday your name will be in lights,
Saying 'Johnny B. Goode' tonight"
Go, go, go, Johnny, go
Johnny B. Goode.

—Chuck Berry, "Johnny B. Goode"

IN THE SPRING OF 1955, Charles Edward Anderson "Chuck" Berry was a blues singer-guitarist in St. Louis, Missouri. Twenty-eight years old, dashingly handsome, and a flamboyant showman, he had gotten a trio together

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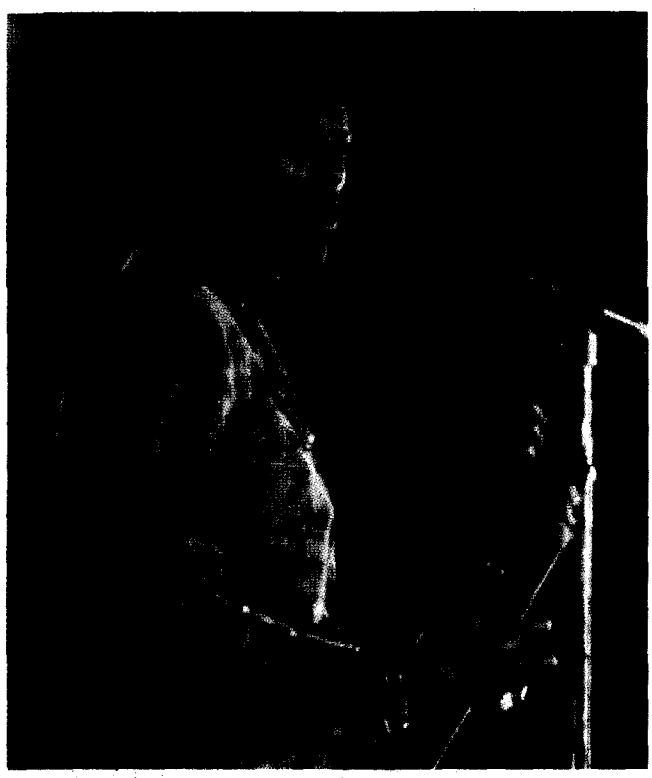
(with Johnny Johnson on piano and Ebby Harding on drums) and did steady weekend work at the Cosmopolitan Club (later a grocery, now a club again, called the Cosmo Hall) in East St. Louis. Having finished the night course at the Poro School of Beauty Culture, he was also a hairdresser and "cosmetologist," and he wasn't sure which one was the moonlight job. No one expected the blues to support a man, and Chuck had a wife and two daughters, so it was nice to have a trade to fall back on. Anyway, both occupations were a big step up from the assembly line work he had been doing before at the G.M. Fisher car body plant.

He wasn't a star ("Nobody pays you no attention 'round here till you gets your first Cadillac," says a bluesman still active in East St. Loo), but the music had new possibilities. Ike Turner had just come up from Mississippi and was the talk of the town. Before Ike, blues in St. Louis had been almost an



amateur business, done for a few bucks a night on a pick-up basis, and no one thought much about repertory or instrumentation. But Turner had a *band* that played *arrangements*, as near as could be note-for-note copies of hit records. Still small time, but now the small time was aping the big time. Chuck took it a few steps further.

"Chuck was always thinking progressive," recalls Gabriel Hearns, a trumpeter-disc jockey who now runs a dirty movie house in East St. Louis. "His music had a zing to it nobody else had. And professional—he made his guys wear uniforms and be real neat. Not even Ike was doing that. Chuck was a perfectionist, always had the best equipment, even bringing his own mikes to a job. Things had to be right, and, man, that was always Chuck's way." A city kid exposed all his life to normal American culture, Berry could also play a wider range of music than the country-born bluesmen, moving easily from country blues to the ballads of Nat "King" Cole and Louis Jordan, or even to a country and western tune. "You gotta remember," says Gabriel, "radio wasn't like it is now, each station only playing one sort of thing. They had hour shows of everything, so if you could play blues and ballads and country and novelty numbers, you reached more people. Chuck was versatile that way."

Ambitious too—"There was hungry cats and satisfied cats," said another musician, "and Chuck was among the hungriest"—but that wasn't new. One of a carpenter's six children, he grew up in Elleardsville (the 'Ville, natives call it), a quiet black St. Louis neighborhood of small brick houses and tree-lined streets. His family were sober middle class, devout choir members at the toney Antioch Baptist Church, but Chuck was a feisty, eager boy. Quick-witted and quick-tongued, he was always in trouble and as quickly out. "Smart as a whip, Chuck," says a lady who grew up with him. "Everybody knew he'd amount to something, leastways that's what *he* always said, but you just didn't know what."

Like every other black kid with more brains than patience, Chuck didn't know either. He had taken up guitar in high school, but not seriously. What could he do? Trying out the role of the young criminal, he got caught in a clumsy robbery attempt and was sent to reform school for three years. When he came out in 1947, 21 years old, he still didn't know. In 1955, after over seven years of waiting and working, hoping and wondering, he thought maybe the break had come. He had written a few songs he liked and could get up the fare to Chicago, so like hundreds of hopefuls before and since, he went up to the South Side, blues capital of the world.

From there on it reads like the storybooks. The greenhorn in the big city, Berry went to hear the big star Muddy Waters, who, with typical generosity, let him sit in for a set. Impressed, Waters told him to go see "Leonard." That was Leonard Chess, the founder of Chess Records which had and still does have the Chicago blues scene in its pocket. Berry went to Chess with a tape he had made on a borrowed recorder in St. Louis: "Wee Wee Hours," a mellow blues he had written, and "Maybellene," a novelty number based on a country tune he had rewritten and given a boogie-woogie beat. "We thought Maybellene was a joke y'know," recalls Chuck's old pianist, Johnny Johnson. "Took the name off the hair cream bottle. People always liked it when we did it at the Cosmopolitan, but it was 'Wee Wee Hours' that we was proud of, that was *our* music."

Leonard Chess knew better. A tough businessman who had started out selling records from his car, he knew his break had come too. Having established a solid base of bluesmen whose work sold only to blacks and paid only his basic costs, he was developing black talent that could make it in the far richer white market. He wasn't alone. King, Federal, Specialty, Savoy—all small independents that had signed the young black artists the big companies wouldn't touch—were working on making the race breakthrough. (Sun Records in Memphis was doing an analogous thing with young white country talent—Elvis, Johnny Cash, Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis.) They knew that they were sitting on a gold mine, that if white kids could just hear the music, they'd go crazy. Closer to the grass-roots than the major record companies, they had already seen the beginnings.

"When I used to go on the road with black acts I was handling in the forties, they didn't let whites into the clubs," says Ralph Bass, an A&R man who worked for several inde-

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pendents before going to Chess about ten years ago. "Then they got 'white spectator tickets' for the worst corner of the joint, no chairs and no dancing, and the tickets cost more too. But they had to keep enlarging it anyway, 'cause they just couldn't keep the white kids out, and by the early fifties they'd have white nights sometimes, or they'd put a rope across the middle of the floor. The blacks on one side, whites on the other digging how the blacks were dancing, and copying them. Then, hell, the rope would come down, and they'd all be dancing together."

In the forties the music never left the ghettoes; by the fifties it was occasionally being cleaned up and recorded by white artists. The originals seldom got on the air because the radio stations, often tied in with the major companies like Columbia, RCA, and Decca, refused to play the "off-brand" records, as the independent labels were then patronizingly called. By 1955, however, there were a few DJ's who wanted something more adventurous than Mitch Miller. Alan Freed was the best known; he had just invented the name "rock 'n' roll" to replace "race music," had moved his show from Cleveland to WINS radio in New York, and was getting unbelievable ratings playing this "rock" to white teenagers.

"I told Chuck to do 'Maybellene' for us and give it a bigger beat," said Chess in his office, which is decorated with gold records, four by Chuck Berry. "I liked it, thought it was something new. I was going to New York anyway, and I took a dub to Alan and said, 'Play this.' The dub didn't have Chuck's name on it or nothing. By the time I got back to Chicago, Freed had called a dozen times, saying it was his biggest record ever. History, the rest, y'know? Sure, 'Wee Wee Hours,' that was on the back side of the release, was a good tune too, but the kids wanted the big beat, cars, and young love. It was a trend and we jumped on it."

"Big beat, cars, and young love" and a trend to be jumped on—that was rock 'n' roll to Leonard Chess and the other businessmen who, working out of tiny offices and worse studios, broke the bland music monopoly. A valid point of view, but oh, if you were a teenager when "Maybellene" came out, it was something else. When rock 'n' roll got started, it was like the Beatles but more so, because nothing like it had ever happened before.

If you were 13 years old or thereabouts in 1954, World War II was a uniform in a closet and dirty stories of Jap tortures; the Korean War was games of "get the gook" on the neighborhood Heartbreak Ridge; and national prosperity was your own bedroom in a new suburban house and an allowance from Dad, who always said *he* had never gotten one. Blacks were "colored people"; you probably thought that "nigger" wasn't polite anymore. The Supreme Court decision on school integration was a headline. You and just about everybody else were normal —had crew cuts, chinos, sport shirts and loafers. There might have been a few hoods around with D.A.'s and garry belts, maybe even switches and juvie records; you envied them, but they were scary, maybe even illegal, and, anyway, pretty dumb. Cars, like the two-tones and hard tops and hydramatics, were keen, but you had to be 16 to drive. Same to smoke. Too old for Little League and the kiddie stuff on television, radio, the movies, or in general, you were too young for everything aimed at adults.

Music was no exception: Perry Como, Eddie Fisher, Teresa Brewer, Pattie Page; "That's Amore," "Doggie in the Window," "Stranger in Paradise," all coming from the radio ballroom shows—it was *okay*, and you hummed the tunes when they were on Your Hit Parade. But they weren't done for *you*, and they didn't do anything *to* you. They were just there, coextensive with and as natural as that Ike-WASP-peace-and-prosperity consensus which was threatened only by a few commies at the top, no swelling from below. There was nothing to criticize because there was little else to know. Then you heard "Shake, Rattle, and Roll" and you knew there were worlds "they" hadn't told you about.

"Shake, Rattle, and Roll," then "Rock Around the Clock" —fast, hard, so much energy in a curve of power that started low and swept up and up to an *explosion*! Daddy-o? Daddy-*cool!* "They" didn't like this music and its dirty dancing at all, but the door had been opened and the children were getting beyond their control.

1955. In somebody's basement you heard "Work with Me, Annie" and "Annie Had a Baby"; you sniggered, and marveled that "they" allowed it (or that this Hank Ballard had such daring). After that Georgia Gibbs' cute "Dance with me, Henry" was not only a laugh, but a tip-off that "they" had known about this new world and hidden it from you. Then came "Maybellene" and this skinny jumpy colored cat called Chuck Berry. Craaazy! A beat that made Bill Haley pallid, nutty words like "motivatin'," and a story about a guy chasing a Cadillac in his beat-up Ford to catch his girl. Oh, the triumph of the "V-8 Fo'd" leaving the "coupe de ville" sitting like a "ton of lead." But even more, it was the drive of the thing, the two minutes of *rush*, pure manic intensity, that sucked you in.

1956. "Blueberry Hill," "Fever," "See You Later, Alligator"; Little Richard, who could sing higher and lower and faster than anybody; Carl Perkins, who laid it right out: "Don't step on my blue suede shoes." The Platters, Mickey and

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Sylvia, Frankie Lymon, Gene Vincent, and then Elvis, the King, who was in flesh, spirit, and aura more perfect, more beautiful, more *you* than you could ever, ever hope to be. He sold about seven million records that year, and it was all over. "Lisbon Antigua" was a big hit that year too, and maybe you bought a copy, but it didn't matter, 'cause rock 'n' roll was here to stay, the good times had begun to roll, and you sang with Chuck Berry, "They're really rockin' in Boston, Pittsburgh P.A., Deep in the heart of Texas, and 'round the Frisco Bay."

Chuck was rockin' too. The record he cut in May was number one in July, and in August he was signed to a tour that circled from New York to Florida and back, "one hundred and one nights in one hundred and one days," remembers Johnny Johnson. "Whew, the feeling it was to go from nothing to top bill in a few weeks I could *never* explain." There was

only one way to rock success in those days. Get a hit, go on the road and push it; as it fades, put out another and go out and push that. No time to lose because the sun was finally shining so you'd better start raking that hay, man, who knows when it's gonna cloud over again. Chuck Berry worked like that for five years, touring with every star in the big package shows, appearing in three rock movies, and playing on all the TV "bandstands."

On stage he was magic, a glittering, rubber-faced jester who sang you the truth and made you laugh. Every star danced as he sang, but only Chuck had the "duck walk" that he first did at the Brooklyn Paramount in 1956. His back stiff and straight, he'd squat down over one heel, his other leg sticking out in front, and with his head at a weird tilt, he'd bounce across the stage, holding his guitar before him like a machine gun. All the way across, playing like mad, then back to the mike and coming in shouting right on the beat. The whole theatre would gasp, then rock with applause. He had done the impossible with perfect grace.

"We didn't see too much of Chuck in those days," says Johnson. With Ebby Harding, Johnny's now back where he started, playing pick-up piano around St. Louis on weekends and working in a steel foundry during the week, but he recalls his days close to stardom without regret. "Yeah, we'd work at night, then Chuck would be in his room until the bus left writing new tunes. Always writing, never seen such a hard worker."

After "Maybellene" came "Roll Over, Beethoven," then "School Days," and then one begins to lose track: "Sweet Little Sixteen," "Rock 'n' Roll Music," "Johnny B. Goode," "Oh Baby Doll," "Memphis," "Reelin' and Rockin'." Tune after perfect tune, Berry's revved up voice and slashing chorded guitar, Johnson's rippling, darting piano, Harding's sledgehammer drumming, and above all the lyrics—words of comic daring, cynicism and naivete, sexuality and mock innocence, bizarre invention and banality. All of it, right down to the technical production that made the records sound as if they were recorded in a garbage can, all of it great rock 'n' roll music . . .

Let me hear some of that rock 'n' roll music,
Any old way you choose it,
It's got a back beat you can't lose it,
Any old way you use it,
It's gotta be rock 'n' roll music,
If you wanna dance with me.
—Chuck Berry, "Rock 'n' Roll Music"

HEADY DAYS, THAT FIRST LINDYING ERA OF ROCK. In retrospect it is astonishing how fast it happened. Early rock is replete with instant success stories like Chuck Berry's: complete unknowns making smash hits their first time in a studio. Which means that the music filled a gargantuan need that neither artist nor audience knew existed. Rock's excitement in 1954-55-56 was that of love at first sight. Some date rock back to Fats Domino's first million seller ("The Fat Man") in 1948, or even to "Open the Door, Richard" in 1946; the music does go back that far, but it really became rock 'n' roll when it met its response. Neither music nor phenomenon alone, rock 'n' roll is a mass sensibility.

That sensibility not only came from nowhere and spread everywhere, but was so natural to those who shared it that it was impossible to explain. Non-believers made comic hay of the tongue-tied rock star and the girls who could only shriek "Eeeeiie I *love* him!" when asked why they loved Elvis. But how else to say it? Fifteen years ago you couldn't say why you loved rock 'n' roll, not only because you didn't know why (and you didn't), but also because maybe you didn't dare. And maybe "they" couldn't understand your love for the same reason. For that sensibility was not just sensuality, speed, and rebellion, but also *black*—how much still isn't clear, but more black than anyone was willing to admit in 1955. The rock 'n' roll sensibility meant that on some level white kids who were trying to find their own identity were identifying passionately with black music, doing it barely consciously but therefore without any self-conscious distance. And not just identifying

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passively, but creating a new identity between white and black.

The medium of the process was the music, which from the first was a racial and musical hybrid. "Blues plus country equals rock" is a cliche inadequate to express rock's heritage or its sharing. Rock was willing to use almost every kind of American music known. Little Richard emerged as a star for white teenagers straight from a black gospel show biz that until then few whites knew existed. The Platters, on the other hand, were a very funky version of the Mills Brothers and the Inkspots, who had long been popular with whites. Elvis was tremendously influenced by blues singers (he had been one of those kids in the white spectator section), but he added a white punk sexuality all his own. His "Hound Dog" had first been done by Big Mama Willie Mae Thornton, but it had in turn been written for her by two white kid song writers from New York, Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller. Carl Perkins' "Blue Suede Shoes" was the first record ever to top the rhythm and blues (black) and popular (white) charts at the same time. All the stars, white and black, toured together, and heard and were influenced by each other's music.

In short, a black-white music and white kids who said, "Yeah, that's how *I* feel." That was rock 'n' roll. You often didn't know if it was white or black; it just had to have a beat so you could dance to it. Not that race had disappeared, not at all, but white kids had started to go to the same shows as blacks, to listen to the same music, and to love it for the same reasons—because it was funny and sexy and strong and lifted you up to a place where you *knew* that being a square from dullsville was a lot less than what you could be if you kept on rockin'. However inarticulate, it was a perception new enough that nervous adults said it was lewd, possibly a Communist plot, and caused riots; or, alternatively, they took pains to dismiss it as a silly fad. And they did indeed have something to fear; rock 'n' roll was the beginning, however tentative, of a mass state of mind (if not way of life) beyond race in America. If only while they danced, those outrageous rock 'n' rollers, in pink and black peg pants, toreadors and pin curls, were integrated Americans.

No one fully grasped what was happening, but Chuck Berry seemed to have an idea. Of all the musicians, he was the one who best recognized these new American kids, and he loved and encouraged them. With an extraordinary leap of empathy, he knew and expressed their feelings, and they understood themselves through him. His songs were hymns to a generation; he was a black poet singing the praises of being free, black/white, and under 21.

He got it all, the whole cast of characters, their every plight and possibility. There was "Sweet Little Sixteen" . . .

She's got the grown up blues,
Tight dresses and lipstick,
She's sportin' high-heel shoes,
Oh, but tomorrow morning,
She'll have to change her trend,
Be sweet sixteen,
And back in class again.

And her parents . . .

Oh, Mummy, Mummy,
Please may I go,
It's such a sight to see,
Somebody steal the show,
Oh, Daddy, Daddy,
I beg of you,
Whisper to Mummy,
It's all right with you.

—"Sweet Little Sixteen"

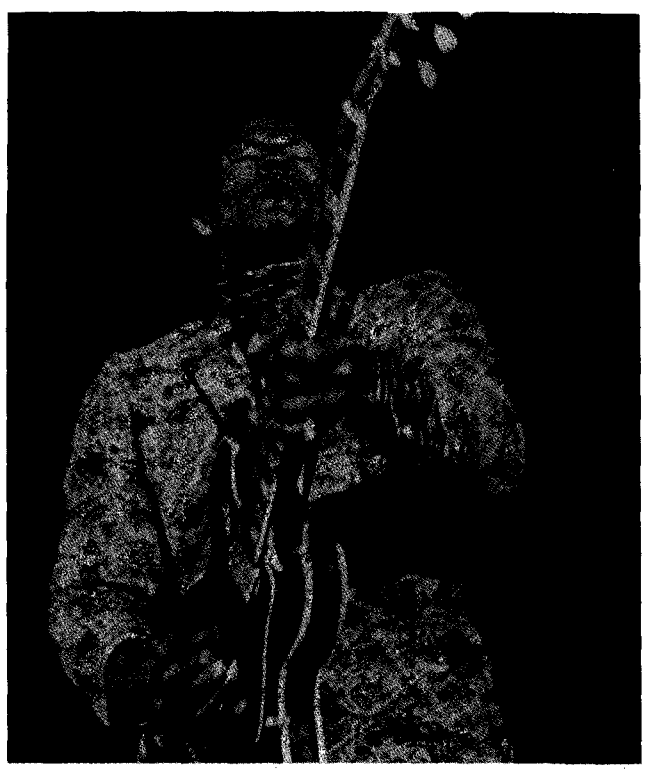
And the typical teen . . .

Yeah, I'm doing all right in school,
They ain't said I've broke no rule,
I ain't never been in dutch,
I don't browse around too much,
Don't bother me, leave me alone,
Anyway—I'm almost grown.

—"Almost Grown"

And high school romance . . .

I remember so well,
Back when the weather was cool,
We used to have so much fun,



When we were walking to school,
If we stopped off to hear
The latest songs they sing,
We'd just make it in
Before the bells would ring.

—"Oh Baby Doll"

He knew the drag of stupid jobs . . .

Working in the filling station,
Too many tasks—
Wipe the windows,
Check the tires,
Check the oil,
"Dollar gas!"
Ahhh,
Too much monkey business
For me to be involved in it.

—"Too Much Monkey Business"

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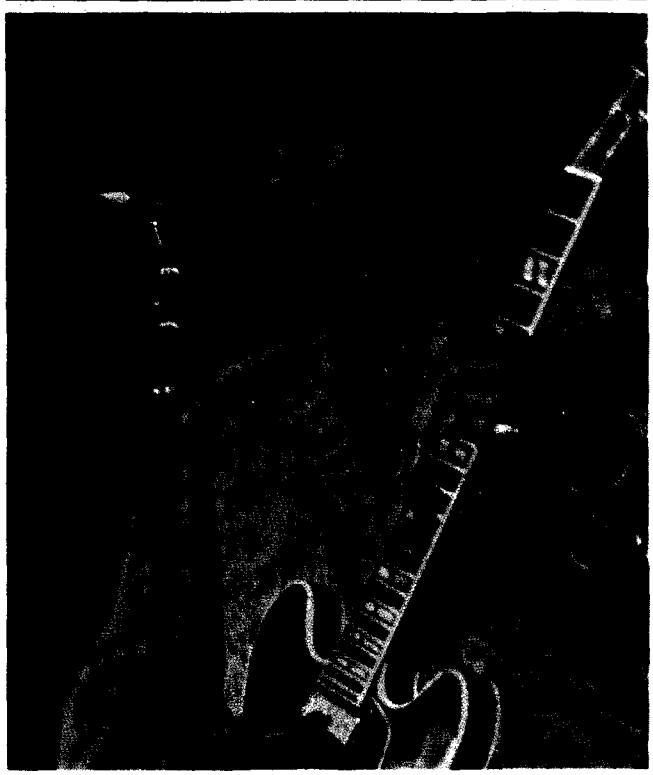
And cars, cars that could fly, cars to cruise in, neck in, speed in, listen to rock in, and cars of pure fantasy, like the one he demanded in "No Money Down" . . .

Well, Mister, I want a yellow convertible,
Fo' Do' de ville
With a continental spare
And wire chrome wheels;
I want power steering,
And power brakes,
I want a powerful motor,
With jet off-take;
I want air condition,
I want automatic heat,
I want a full-length bed
In my back seat;
I want short wave radio,



I want TV and a phone,
You know I gotta talk to my baby
When I'm riding along.

Powering it all was a terrible urgency to detail the world of the kids he sang to, down to those "wallets filled with pictures," so everyone would know it was real and beautiful, and no joke. "Roll over, Beethoven, an' dig these rhythm and blues!" Comically arrogant, yes, but also Chuck Berry's gauntlet thrown down in challenge to conventional culture and all its sacred cows; it was the ultimatum to the Ike-Wasp consensus from the barbarian at the gates, the first warning that "they" had better dig this energy that was making their children dance.

Berry poured out the energy tour after tour, record after record, and the strain told. He always had to work hard at rock, says Leonard Chess, keying himself up to get the rhythm right, to get the power going. One part of him still preferred the blues, the easier, more comfortable groove, and he even asked Chess if he could record blues under an alias. Chess said no ("Rock was what was happening"), but on most of his albums there are one or two instrumentals that show a soft and pensive Chuck Berry. Rock, he always felt, was "commercial." "On tour," Johnson says, "we did the hits, one after another, but sometimes if it was real late Chuck would relax for once, and we'd do some blues, runnin' on and on. But mostly Chuck was all business."

He never had a manager or the normal retinue of leeches politely called "aides," and the corporations that handled his money had no members outside his family. "There weren't many people Chuck trusted," says Chess. "He kept a close watch on himself. Never drank, no drugs. Took only his own advice. A showman, yeah, but inside a timid guy, fighting all the time." His St. Louis nightclub, Chuck Berry's Club Bandstand, was the fulfillment of a dream, but he ran it more as businessman than as genial host. A fulfillment too was the brick mansion he bought for his wife and children on the cul-de-sac where the cream of St. Louis black society live in enormous dignity. But he could be there only infrequently. He had many separate worlds, and keeping them separate required full-time control and no mistakes.

He made one. Late in 1959 a prostitute he had picked up while on tour in Juarez, and then brought back to St. Louis to be a hat check girl in his club, turned herself in to the police after he dropped her. She was, she admitted then, only 14 years old, and Berry was arrested and charged with violating the Mann Act. Given a few sordid realities, the charge becomes absurd. The girl, a Spanish-speaking Apache Indian from New Mexico, had been a prostitute for a year and he hardly had "compelled, induced, and incited" her "to give herself up to debauchery," in the language of the indictment. And a man of Chuck's status doesn't have to bring his pick-ups home; it's probably true, as he insisted, that his real intent, which the law requires proven, was to learn Spanish because he thought songs in foreign languages were the coming trend (though he might have had a few other things on his mind as well). But the law and the public were not ready to take so worldly a view.

The case dragged on for two years through two humiliating trials, both in St. Louis. The first judge was so blatantly prejudiced, calling Berry "this Negro" or "whatever his name is," that his judgment was vacated, but the verdicts of both trials were the same: guilty. The implicit substance of the charge was expressed by the newspaper headline: "Rock 'n' Roll Singer Lured Me To St. Louis, Says 14 Year Old." "They" had always known that this dirty music was corrupting their children, and now they had caught a gaudy nigger with his pants down to prove it. "Is this the kind of man our children idolize?" Maybe if they could put him away in jail, they could believe that the answer to their own question wasn't yes.

Chuck entered the Federal Penitentiary at Terre Haute in February of 1962. It looked as if they had not only gotten him, but rock 'n' roll as well. It was the absolute end of an era which had passed its peak four years before. Buddy Holly was dead, and so was Richie Valens and the Big Bopper, all victims of the same plane crash. Elvis had come out of the Army a changed man, every trace of the young rocker smoothed away. Jerry Lee Lewis had been driven from the spotlight by a similar trumped up "sex scandal." Gene Vincent,

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Fats Domino, Little Richard—all were fading memories, replaced by anemic nonentities like Joey Dee, Bobby Vinton and Chubby Checker. Chuck had hung on longer than any of the others, but even his clean, straight style had been corrupted by strings and choral back-ups in desperate attempts to keep up. The first rock 'n' rollers were now voting adults, and the jet-setters were twisting at the Peppermint Lounge. What had been fresh in 1955 had become formula, and then simply repetition. The crackle of that early da-DAH da-DAH rock beat became the endless drone of "pa pa oom mau mau, pa pa oom mau mau." Adventurous young musicians were playing folk.

And then, just as before, with the same out-of-nowhere bursting, it all happened again. Liverpool, London, Los Angeles, San Francisco, and then everywhere, reelin' and rockin' on a scale that the fifties could not have conceived. The new stars were different; they were regular middle class city kids who could have become lawyers or doctors or grown-ups of one accepted variety or another. But they didn't, and with a blitheness that was shocking, they said they didn't want to; they, and the kids who followed them, wanted to rock their lives away.

Without exception they acknowledged their debt to Chuck Berry. It was not just that they played his songs, but with their every act, they said that they had laid their burden down, closed their books, and made that trip out of the classroom and into the street.

"NEVER SAW A MAN SO CHANGED," Carl Perkins said of Chuck not long ago. "I did a tour of England with him after he got out of prison. He had been an easy-going guy before, the kinda guy who'd jam in the dressing rooms, sit and swap licks and jokes. In England he was cold, real distant and bitter. It wasn't just jail, it was those years of one nighters, grinding it out like that can kill a man, but I figure it was mostly jail."

Everything had changed for Chuck when he came out. His club was gone, and so was his marriage, his fans, and his moment. There was nothing else to do but go back to work and figure out a new game, this time playing it with *no* mistakes. Leaving his wife and children with the house in St. Louis, he moved out to Wentzville and started Berry Park. He did a packed return concert in Detroit to start touring again, and made the charts a few more times with some of his greatest songs, including the rollicking "Promised Land." But those were probably (though Chess is not telling) tunes he had recorded years before that had never been released. His new songs were tired, often just updated lyrics sung over the music from his hits of nearly ten years before. Despite the fact that the Beatles, Beach Boys and Rolling Stones were making hits with their versions of his songs, Chuck's own attempt at a comeback was a failure. DJ's played his early records as golden oldies but ignored his new ones, and without radio exposure Chuck as a contemporary performer disappeared from rock 'n' roll.

His response was to bury himself ever more deeply in Wentzville and get his business affairs neatly rationalized and entirely in his own hands. It would be impossible to estimate Berry's considerable wealth, but he has never been broke. His early records still sell, and the royalties from the countless "cover" versions by other artists, several of them million sellers in their own right, amount to a substantial income. To get more capital for the park, which quickly became his main occupation, Chuck left Chess Records and signed with Mercury for a $150,000 advance. He continued to take gigs when they were offered and his policy on payment was and is unswerving: $2000 a night, half to be paid in advance, the rest immediately before going on stage. A short-sighted policy perhaps (he refused to play at the Monterey Pop Festival, forgoing invaluable exposure, because he was asked to play free), but one that guarantees him a predictable income without forcing him to trust anyone.

"It's a ritual every time Chuck plays here," says Paul Baratta of the Fillmore West. "Chuck breezes into the office about five minutes before showtime the first night and says, 'Let's do our thing.' I give him a check, he endorses it. I count out the money, give it to him, then *he* counts it out, pockets it, and gives me back the check as a receipt. He says 'Mellow,' then goes on stage and knocks 'em out. We've done it so often now, maybe he'll wink at me, but it's still a ritual."

Berry's concert dates are becoming more frequent. After Bill Graham first booked him at the old Fillmore in 1967, Chuck started to get the "psychedelic" ballroom jobs. The new rock generation flocks to hear him play his old songs, but the more relaxed format allows him to do the long blues jams as well. As good a showman as ever, he makes every set a triumph. At 43, his duck walk is still a superbly graceful feat, and he always goes off stage to a standing ovation. He has no intention of stopping. "I asked him when he would retire," says Baratta, "and he said, 'When I get tired of playing or people get tired of hearing me play, and I think the latter will happen first. I have it figured. See, I'll never play, never *ever* play for less than $1000 a night. So some day I'll get a call from some 22-year-old punk promoter and he'll say he really wants me but he can only offer $950. And I'll tell him, Congratulations, son, you've just become the man who retired the great Chuck Berry.' "

But that day is still years away. Berry, his contract with Mercury expired, is going back to Chess where Leonard, still at the helm, says he has "a few ideas" about how Chuck can get hits again. Maybe Chuck Berry will be back topping the hit parade. Who knows, and will it matter? What does revival mean in a world where music, preserved on plastic, never ages or is lost? I hope Chuck Berry comes back, tears loose, and blows a few new minds; I think he can do it. But he's really done it already, and the ball he started keeps rolling on.

"This rock bit," he said in a rare interview with Ralph Gleason, "it's called rock now, it used to be called boogie-woogie, it used to be called blues, used to be called rhythm and blues, and it even went through a stage of what is known as funk. . . . Names of it can vary, but music that is inspiring to the head *and* heart, to dance by and cause you to pat your foot, it's there. Call it rock, call it jazz, call it what you may. If it makes you move, or moves you, or grooves you, it'll be here. The blues rolls on, rock steady knocks, and they *all* are here now and I think they all *will* be here from now on."

Rock on, Chuck Berry!

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[THE RISE OF A NEW WOMEN'S MOVEMENT]

Women's Liberation

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THE 1960's HAS BEEN A DECADE OF LIBERATION; women have been swept up by that ferment along with blacks, Latins, American Indians and poor whites—the whole soft underbelly of this society. As each oppressed group in turn discovered the nature of its oppression in American society, so women have discovered that they too thirst for free and fully human lives. The result has been the growth of a new women's movement, whose base encompasses poor black and poor white women on relief, working women exploited in the labor force, middle class women incarcerated in the split level dream house, college girls awakening to the fact that sexiness is not the crowning achievement in life, and movement women who have discovered that in a freedom movement they themselves are not free. In less than four years women have created a variety of organizations, from the nationally-based middle class National Organization of Women (NOW) to local radical and radical feminist groups in every major city in North America. The new movement includes caucuses within nearly every New Left group and within most professional associations in the social sciences. Ranging in politics from reform to revolution, it has produced critiques of almost every segment of American society and constructed an ideology that rejects every hallowed cultural assumption about the nature and role of women.

As is typical of a young movement, much of its growth has been underground. The papers and manifestos written and circulated would surely comprise two very large volumes if published, but this literature is almost unknown outside of women's liberation. Nevertheless, where even a year ago organizing was slow and painful, with small cells of six or ten women, high turnover, and an uphill struggle against fear and resistance, in 1969 all that has changed. Groups are growing up everywhere with women eager to hear a hard line, to articulate and express their own rage and bitterness. Moving about the country, I have found an electric atmosphere of excitement and responsiveness. Everywhere there are doubts, stirrings, a desire to listen, to find out what it's all about. The extent to which groups have become politically radical is astounding. A year ago the movement stressed male chauvinism and psychological oppression; now the emphasis is on understanding the economic and social roots of women's oppression, and the analyses range from social democracy to Marxism. But the most striking change of all in the last year has been the loss of fear. Women are no longer afraid that their rebellion will threaten their very identity as women. They are not frightened by their own militancy, but liberated by it. Women's Liberation is an idea whose time has come.

The old women's movement burned itself out in the frantic decade of the 1920's. After a hundred years of struggle, women won a battle, only to lose the campaign: the vote was obtained, but the new millennium did not arrive. Women got the vote and achieved a measure of legal emancipation, but the real social and cultural barriers to full equality for women remained untouched.

For over 30 years the movement remained buried in its own ashes. Women were born and grew to maturity virtually ignorant of their own history of rebellion, aware only of a caricature of blue stockings and suffragettes. Even as increasing numbers of women were being driven into the labor force by the brutal conditions of the 1930's and by the massive drain of men into the military in the 1940's, the old ideal remained: a woman's place was in the home and behind her man. As the war ended and men returned to resume their jobs in factories and offices, women were forced back to the kitchen and nursery with a vengeance. This story has been repeated after each war and the reason is clear: women form a flexible, cheap labor pool which is essential to a capitalist system. When labor is scarce, they are forced onto the labor market. When labor is plentiful, they are forced out. Women and blacks have provided a reserve army of unemployed workers, benefiting capitalists and the stable male white working class alike. Yet the system imposes untold suffering on the victims, blacks and women, through low wages and chronic unemployment.

With the end of the war the average age at marriage declined, the average size of families went up, and the suburban migration began in earnest. The political conservatism of the '50s was echoed in a social conservatism which stressed a Victorian ideal of the woman's life: a full womb and selfless devotion to husband and children.

As the bleak decade played itself out, however, three important social developments emerged which were to make a rebirth of the women's struggle inevitable. First, women came to make up more than a third of the labor force, the number of working women being twice the prewar figure. Yet the marked increase in female employment did nothing to better the position of women, who were more occupationally disadvantaged in the 1960's than they had been 25 years earlier. Rather than moving equally into all sectors of the occupational structure, they were being forced into the low paying service, clerical and semi-skilled categories. In 1940, women had held 45 per cent of all professional and technical positions; in 1967, they held only 37 per cent. The proportion of women in service jobs meanwhile rose from 50 to 55 per cent.

Second, the intoxicating wine of marriage and suburban life was turning sour; a generation of women woke up to find their children grown and a life (roughly 30 more productive years) of housework and bridge parties stretching out before them like a wasteland. For many younger women, the empty drudgery they saw in the suburban life was a sobering contradiction to adolescent dreams of romantic love and the fulfilling role of woman as wife and mother.

Third, a growing civil rights movement was sweeping thousands of young men and women into a moral crusade—a crusade which harsh political experience was to transmute into the New Left. The American Dream was riven and tattered in Mississippi and finally napalmed in Viet-Nam. Young Americans were drawn not to Levittown, but to Berkeley, the Haight-Ashbury and the East Village. Traditional political ideologies and cultural myths, sexual mores and sex roles with them, began to disintegrate in an explosion of rebellion and protest.

The three major groups which make up the new women's movement—working women, middle class married women and students—bring very different kinds of interests and objectives to women's liberation. Working women are most concerned with the economic issues of guaranteed employment, fair wages, job discrimination and child care. Their most immediate oppression is rooted in industrial capitalism and felt directly through the vicissitudes of an exploitative labor market.

Middle class women, oppressed by the psychological mutilation and injustice of institutionalized segregation, discrimination and imposed inferiority, are most sensitive to the de-

by Marlene Dixon

Illustrations by Jim Silks and Randy Lieu

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humanizing consequences of severely limited lives. Usually well educated and capable, these women are rebelling against being forced to trivialize their lives, to live vicariously through husbands and children.

Students, as unmarried middle class girls, have been most sensitized to the sexual exploitation of women. They have experienced the frustration of one-way relationships in which the girl is forced into a "wife" and companion role with none of the supposed benefits of marriage. Young women have increasingly rebelled not only against passivity and dependency in their relationships but also against the notion that they must function as sexual objects, being defined in purely sexual rather than human terms, and being forced to package and sell themselves as commodities on the sex market.

Each group represents an independent aspect of the total institutionalized oppression of women. Their differences are those of emphasis and immediate interest rather than of

fundamental goals. All women suffer from economic exploitation, from psychological deprivation, and from exploitive sexuality. Within women's liberation there is a growing understanding that the common oppression of women provides the basis for uniting across class and race lines to form a powerful and radical movement.

[RACISM AND MALE SUPREMACY]

CLEARLY, FOR THE LIBERATION OF WOMEN to become a reality it is necessary to destroy the ideology of male supremacy which asserts the biological and social inferiority of women in order to justify massive institutionalized oppression. Yet we all know that many women are as loud in their disavowal of this oppression as are the men who chant the litany of "a woman's place is in the home and behind her man." In fact, women are as trapped in their false consciousness as were the mass of blacks 20 years ago, and for much the same reason.

As blacks were defined and limited socially by their color, so women are defined and limited by their sex. While blacks, it was argued, were preordained by God or nature, or both, to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, so women are destined to bear and rear children, and to sustain their husbands with obedience and compassion. The Sky-God tramples through the heavens and the Earth/Mother-Goddess is always flat on her back with her legs spread, putting out for one and all.

Indeed, the phenomenon of male chauvinism can only be understood when it is perceived as a form of racism, based on stereotypes drawn from a deep belief in the biological inferiority of women. The so-called "black analogy" is no analogy at all; it is the same social process that is at work, a process which both justifies and helps perpetuate the exploitation of one group of human beings by another.

The very stereotypes that express the society's belief in the biological inferiority of women recall the images used to justify the oppression of blacks. The nature of women, like that of slaves, is depicted as dependent, incapable of reasoned thought; childlike in its simplicity and warmth, martyred in the role of mother, and mystical in the role of sexual partner. In its benevolent form, the inferior position of women results in paternalism; in its malevolent form, a domestic tyranny which can be unbelievably brutal.

It has taken over 50 years to discredit the scientific and social "proof" which once gave legitimacy to the myths of black racial inferiority. Today most people can see that the theory of the genetic inferiority of blacks is absurd. Yet few are shocked by the fact that scientists are still busy "proving" the biological inferiority of women.

In recent years, in which blacks have led the struggle for liberation, the emphasis on racism has focused only upon racism against blacks. The fact that "racism" has been practiced against many groups other than blacks has been pushed into the background. Indeed, a less forceful but more accurate term for the phenomenon would be "social Darwinism." It was the opinion of the social Darwinists that in the natural course of things the "fit" succeed (i.e. oppress) and the "unfit" (i.e. the biologically inferior) sink to the bottom. According to this view, the very fact of a group's oppression proves its inferiority and the inevitable correctness of its low position. In this way each successive immigrant group coming to America was decked out in the garments of "racial" or biological inferiority until the group was sufficiently assimilated, whereupon Anglo-Saxon venom would turn on a new group filling up the space at the bottom. Now two groups remain, neither of which has been assimilated according to the classic American pattern: the "visibles"—blacks and women. It is equally true for both: "it won't wear off."

Yet the greatest obstacle facing those who would organize women remains women's belief in their own inferiority. Just as all subject populations are controlled by their acceptance of the rightness of their own status, so women remain subject because they believe in the rightness of their own oppression. This dilemma is not a fortuitous one, for the entire society is geared to socialize women to believe in and adopt as immutable necessity their traditional and inferior role. From earliest training to the grave, women are constrained and propagandized. Spend an evening at the movies or watching television, and you will see a grotesque figure called woman presented in a hundred variations upon the themes of "children, church, kitchen" or "the chick sex-pot."

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For those who believe in the "rights of mankind," the "dignity of man," consider that to make a woman a person, a human being in her own right, you would have to change her sex: imagine Stokely Carmichael "prone and silent"; imagine Mark Rudd as a Laugh-In girl; picture Rennie Davis as Miss America. Such contradictions as these show how pervasive and deep-rooted is the cultural contempt for women, how difficult it is to imagine a woman as a serious human being, or conversely, how empty and degrading is the image of woman that floods the culture.

Countless studies have shown that black acceptance of white stereotypes leads to mutilated identity, to alienation, to rage and self-hatred. Human beings cannot bear in their own hearts the contradictions of those who hold them in contempt. The ideology of male supremacy and its effect upon women merits as serious study as has been given to the effects of prejudice upon Jews, blacks, and immigrant groups.

It is customary to shame those who would draw the parallel between women and blacks by a great show of concern and chest beating over the suffering of black people. Yet this response itself reveals a refined combination of white middle class guilt and male chauvinism, for it overlooks several essential facts. For example, the most oppressed group within the feminine population is made up of black women, many of whom take a dim view of the black male intellectual's adoption of white male attitudes of sexual superiority (an irony too cruel to require comment). Neither are those who make this pious objection to the racial parallel addressing themselves very adequately to the millions of white working class women living at the poverty level, who are not likely to be moved by this middle class guilt-ridden one-upmanship while having to deal with the boss, the factory, or the welfare worker day after day. They are already dangerously resentful of the gains made by blacks, and much of their "racist backlash" stems from the fact that they have been forgotten in the push for social change. Emphasis on the real mechanisms of oppression—on the commonality of the process—is essential lest groups such as these, which should work in alliance, become divided against one another.

White middle class males already struggling with the acknowledgment of their own racism do not relish an added burden of recognition: that to white guilt must soon be added "male." It is therefore understandable that they should refuse to see the harshness of the lives of most women—to honestly face the facts of massive institutionalized discrimination against women. Witness the performance to date: "Take her down off the platform and give her a good fuck," "Petty Bourgeois Revisionist Running Dogs," or in the classic words of a Berkeley male "leader," "Let them eat cock."

Among whites, women remain the most oppressed—and the most unorganized—group. Although they constitute a potential mass base for the radical movement, in terms of movement priorities they are ignored; indeed they might as well be invisible. Far from being an accident, this omission is a direct outgrowth of the solid male supremist beliefs of white radical and left-liberal men. Even now, faced with both fact and agitation, leftist men find the idea of placing any serious priority upon women so outrageous, such a degrading notion, that they respond with a virulence far out of proportion to the modest requests of movement women. This only shows that women must stop wasting their time worrying about the chauvinism of men in the movement and focus instead on their real priority: organizing women.

[MARRIAGE: GENESIS OF WOMEN'S REBELLION]

THE INSTITUTION OF MARRIAGE is the chief vehicle for the perpetuation of the oppression of women; it is through the role of wife that the subjugation of women is maintained. In a very real way the role of wife has been the genesis of women's rebellion throughout history.

Looking at marriage from a detached point of view one may well ask why anyone gets married, much less women. One answer lies in the economics of women's position, for women are so occupationally limited that drudgery in the home is considered to be infinitely superior to drudgery in the factory. Secondly, women themselves have no independent social status. Indeed, there is no clearer index of the social worth of a woman in this society than the fact that she has none in her own right. A woman is first defined by the man to whom she is attached, but more particularly by the man she marries, and secondly by the children she bears and rears—hence the anxiety over sexual attractiveness, the frantic scramble for boyfriends and husbands. Having obtained and married a man the race is then on to have children, in order that their attractiveness and accomplishments may add more social worth. In a woman, not having children is seen as an incapacity somewhat akin to impotence in a man.

Beneath all of the pressures of the sexual marketplace and the marital status game, however, there is a far more sinister organization of economic exploitation and psychological mutilation. The housewife role, usually defined in terms of the biological duty of a woman to reproduce and her "innate" suitability for a nurturant and companionship role, is actually crucial to industrial capitalism in an advanced state of technological development. In fact, the housewife (some 44 million women of all classes, ethnic groups and races) provides, unpaid, absolutely essential services and labor. In turn, her assumption of all household duties makes it possible for the man to spend the majority of his time at the workplace.

It is important to understand the social and economic exploitation of the married woman, since the real productivity of her labor is denied by the commonly held assumption that she is dependent on her husband, exchanging her keep for emotional and nurturant services. Margaret Benston, a radical women's liberation leader, points out: "In sheer quantity, household labor, including child care, constitutes a huge amount of socially necessary production. Nevertheless, in a society based on commodity production, it is not usually considered even as 'real work' since it is outside of trade and the marketplace. This assignment of household work as the function of a special category 'women' means that this group *does* stand in a different relationship to production. . . . The material basis for the inferior status of women is to be found in just this definition of women. In a society in which money determines value, women are a group who work outside the money economy. Their work is not worth money, is therefore valueless, is therefore not even real work. And women themselves, who do this valueless work, can hardly be expected to be worth as much as men, who work for money."

Women are essential to the economy not only as free labor, but also as consumers. The American system of capitalism

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depends for its survival on the consumption of vast amounts of socially wasteful goods, and a prime target for the unloading of this waste is the housewife. She is the purchasing agent for the family, but beyond that she is eager to buy because her own identity depends on her accomplishments as a consumer and her ability to satisfy the wants of her husband and children. This is not, of course, to say that she has any power in the economy. Although she spends the wealth, she does not own or control it—it simply passes through her hands.

In addition to their role as housewives and consumers, increasing numbers of women are taking outside employment. These women leave the home to join an exploited labor force, only to return at night to assume the double burden of housework on top of wage work—that is, they are forced to work at two full-time jobs. No man is required or expected

to take on such a burden. The result: two workers from one household in the labor force with no cutback in essential female functions—three for the price of two, quite a bargain.

Frederick Engels, now widely read in women's liberation, argues that, regardless of her status in the larger society, within the context of the family the woman's relationship to the man is one of proletariat to bourgeoisie. One consequence of this class division in the family is to weaken the capacity of men and women oppressed by the society to struggle together against it.

In all classes and groups, the institution of marriage functions to a greater or lesser degree to oppress women; the unity of women of different classes hinges upon our understanding of that common oppression. The 19th century women's movement refused to deal with marriage and sexuality, and chose instead to fight for the vote and elevate the feminine mystique to a political ideology. That decision retarded the movement for decades. But 1969 is not 1889. For one thing, there now exist alternatives to marriage. The most original and creative politics of the women's movement has come from a direct confrontation with the issue of marriage and sexuality. The cultural revolution—experimentation with life-styles, communal living, collective child-rearing—have all come from the rebellion against dehumanized sexual relationships, against the notion of women as sexual commodities, against the constriction and spiritual strangulation inherent in the role of wife.

Lessons have been learned from the failures of the earlier movement as well. The feminine mystique is no longer mistaken for politics, nor gaining the vote for winning human rights. Women are now all together at the bottom of the work world, and the basis exists for a common focus of struggle for all women in American society. It remains for the movement to understand this, to avoid the mistakes of the past, to respond creatively to the possibilities of the present.

WOMEN'S OPPRESSION, although rooted in the institution of marriage, does not stop at the kitchen or the bedroom door. Indeed, the economic exploitation of women in the workplace is the most commonly recognized aspect of the oppression of women.

Most women who enter the labor force do not work for "pin money" or "self-fulfillment." Sixty-two per cent of all women working in 1967 were doing so out of economic need (i.e., were either alone or with husbands earning less than $5000 a year). In 1963, 36 per cent of American families had an income of less than $5000 a year. Women from these families work because they must; they contribute 35 to 40 per cent of the family's total income when working full-time, and 15 to 20 per cent when working part-time.

Despite their need, however, women have always represented the most exploited sector of the industrial labor force. Child and female labor were introduced during the early stages of industrial capitalism, at a time when most men were gainfully employed in crafts. As industrialization developed and craft jobs were eliminated, men entered the industrial labor force, driving women and children into the lowest categories of work and pay. Indeed, the position of women and children industrial workers was so pitiful, and their wages so small, that the craft unions refused to organize them. Even when women organized themselves and engaged in militant strikes and labor agitation—from the shoemakers of Lynn, Massachusetts, to the International Ladies' Garment Workers and their great strike of 1909—male unionists continued to ignore their needs. As a result of this male supremacy in the unions, women remain essentially unorganized, despite the fact that they are becoming an ever larger part of the labor force.

The trend is clearly toward increasing numbers of women entering the work force: women represented 55 per cent of the growth of the total labor force in 1962, and the number of working women rose from 16.9 million in 1957 to 24 million in 1962. There is every indication that the number of women in the labor force will continue to grow as rapidly in the future.

Job discrimination against women exists in all sectors of work, even in occupations which are predominantly made up of women. This discrimination is reinforced in the field of education, where women are being short-changed at a time when the job market demands higher educational levels. In 1962, for example, while women constituted 53 per cent of the graduating high school class, only 42 per cent of the entering college class were women. Only one in three people who received a B.A. or M.A. in that year was a woman, and only one in ten who received a Ph.D was a woman. These figures represent a decline in educational achievement for women

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since the 1930's, when women received two out of five of the B.A. and M.A. degrees given, and one out of seven of the Ph.Ds. While there has been a dramatic increase in the number of people, including women, who go to college, women have not kept pace with men in terms of educational achievement. Furthermore, women have lost ground in professional employment. In 1960 only 22 per cent of the faculty and other professional staff at colleges and universities were women—down from 28 per cent in 1949, 27 per cent in 1930, 26 per cent in 1920. 1960 does beat 1919 with only 20 per cent—"you've come a long way, baby"—right back to where you started! In other professional categories: 10 per cent of all scientists are women, 7 per cent of all physicians, 3 per cent of all lawyers, and 1 per cent of all engineers.

Even when women do obtain an education, in many cases it does them little good. Women, whatever their educational level, are concentrated in the lower paying occupations. The figures in Chart A tell a story that most women know and few men will admit: most women are forced to work at clerical jobs, for which they are paid, on the average, $1600 less per year than men doing the same work. Working class women in the service and operative (semi-skilled) categories, making up 30 per cent of working women, are paid $1900 less per year on the average than are men. Of all working women, only 13 per cent are professionals (including low-pay and low-status work such as teaching, nursing and social work), and they earn $2600 less per year than do professional men. Household workers, the lowest category of all, are predominantly women (over 2 million) and predominantly black and third world, earning for their labor barely over $1000 per year.

Not only are women forced onto the lowest rungs of the occupational ladder, they are in the lowest income levels as well. The most constant and bitter injustice experienced by all women is the income differential. While women might passively accept low status jobs, limited opportunities for advancement, and discrimination in the factory, office and university, they choke finally on the daily fact that the male worker next to them earns more, and usually does less. In 1965 the median wage or salary income of year-round full-time women workers was only 60 per cent that of men, a 4 per cent loss since 1955. Twenty-nine per cent of working women earned less than $3000 a year as compared with 11 per cent of the men; 43 per cent of the women earned from $3000 to $5000 a year as compared with 19 per cent of the men; and 9 per cent of the women earned $7000 or more as compared with 43 per cent of the men.

What most people do not know is that in certain respects, women suffer more than do non-white men, and that black and third world women suffer most of all.

CHART A

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS FOR MEN AND WOMEN IN THE LABOR FORCE, 1960

Occupation	Percentage of working women in each occupational category	Income of Year Round Full Time Workers		Numbers of Workers in Millions	
		Women	Men	Women	Men
Professional	13%	$4358	$7115	3	5
Managers, Officials and Proprietors	5	3514	7241	1	5
Clerical	31	3586	5247	7	3
Operatives	15	2970	4977	4	9
Sales	7	2389	5842	2	3
Service	15	2340	4089	3	3
Private Household	10	1156	—	2	—

Sources: U.S. Department of Commerce, Bureau of the Census: "Current Population Reports," P-60, No. 37, and U.S. Department of Labor, Bureau of Labor Statistics and U.S. Department of Commerce, Bureau of the Census.

CHART B

MEDIAN ANNUAL WAGES FOR MEN AND WOMEN BY RACE, 1960

Workers	Median Annual Wage
Males, White	$5137
Males, Non-White	$3075
Females, White	$2537
Females, Non-White	$1276

Source: U.S. Department of Commerce, Bureau of the Census. Also see: President's Commission on the Status of Women, 1963.

Women, regardless of race, are more disadvantaged than are men, including non-white men. White women earn $2600 less than white men and $1500 less than non-white men. The brunt of the inequality is carried by 2.5 million non-white women, 94 per cent of whom are black. They earn $3800 less than white men, $1900 less than non-white men, and $1200 less than white women.

There is no more bitter paradox in the racism of this country than that the white man, articulating the male supremacy of the white male middle class, should provide the rationale for the oppression of black women by black men. Black women constitute the largest minority in the United States, and they are the most disadvantaged group in the labor force. The further oppression of black women will not liberate black men, for black women were never the oppressors of their men—that is a myth of the liberal white man. The oppression of black men comes from institutionalized racism and economic exploitation: from the world of the white man. Consider the following facts and figures.

The percentage of black working women has always been proportionately greater than that of white women. In 1900, 41 per cent of black women were employed, as compared to 17 per cent for white women. In 1963, the proportion of black women employed was still a fourth greater than that of whites. In 1960, 44 per cent of black married women with children under six years were in the labor force, in contrast to 29 per cent for white women. While job competition requires ever higher levels of education, the bulk of illiterate women are black. On the whole, black women—who often have the greatest need for employment—are the most discriminated against in terms of opportunity. Forced by an oppressive and racist society to carry unbelievably heavy economic and social burdens, black women stand at the bottom of that society, doubly marked by the caste signs of color and sex.

The rise of new agitation for the occupational equality of women also coincided with the re-entry of the "lost generation"—the housewives of the 1950's—into the job market. Women from middle class backgrounds, faced with an "empty nest" (children grown or in school) and a widowed or divorced rate of one-fourth to one-third of all marriages, returned to the workplace in large numbers. But once there they discovered that women, middle class or otherwise, are the last hired, the lowest paid, the least often promoted, and the first fired. Furthermore, women are more likely to suffer job discrimination

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on the basis of age, so the widowed and divorced suffer particularly, even though their economic need to work is often urgent. Age discrimination also means that the option of work after child-rearing is limited. Even highly qualified older women find themselves forced into low-paid, unskilled or semi-skilled work—if they are lucky enough to find a job in the first place.

The realities of the work world for most middle class women—that they become members of the working class, like it or not—are understandably distant to many young men and women in college who have never had to work, and who tend to think of the industrial "proletariat" as a revolutionary

force, to the exclusion of "bourgeois" working women. Their image of the "pampered middle class woman" is factually incorrect and politically naive. It is middle class women forced into working class life who are often the first to become conscious of the contradiction between the "American Dream" and their daily experience.

Faced with discrimination on the job—after being forced into the lower levels of the occupational structure—millions of women are inescapably presented with the fundamental contradictions in their unequal treatment and their massive exploitation. The rapid growth of women's liberation as a movement is related in part to the exploitation of working women in all occupational categories.

MALE SUPREMACY, MARRIAGE, and the structure of wage labor—each of these aspects of women's oppression has been crucial to the resurgence of the women's struggle. It must be abundantly clear that radical social change must occur before there can be significant improvement in the social position of women. Some form of socialism is a minimum requirement, considering the changes that must come in the institutions of marriage and the family alone. The intrinsic radicalism of the struggle for women's liberation necessarily links women with all other oppressed groups.

The heart of the movement, as in all freedom movements, rests in women's knowledge, whether articulated or still only an illness without a name, that they are not inferior—not chicks, nor bunnies, nor quail, nor cows, nor bitches, nor ass, nor meat. Women hear the litany of their own dehumanization each day. Yet all the same, women know that male supremacy is a lie. They know they are not animals or sexual objects or commodities. They know their lives are mutilated, because they see within themselves a promise of creativity and personal integration. Feeling the contradiction between the essentially creative and self-actualizing human being within her, and the cruel and degrading less-than-human role she is compelled to play, a woman begins to perceive the falseness of what her society has forced her to be. And once she perceives this, she knows that she must fight.

Women must learn the meaning of rage, the violence that liberates the human spirit. The rhetoric of invective is an equally essential stage, for in discovering and venting their rage against the enemy—and the enemy in everyday life is men—women also experience the justice of their own violence. They learn the first lessons in their own latent strength. Women must learn to know themselves as revolutionaries. They must become hard and strong in their determination, while retaining their humanity and tenderness.

There is a rage that impels women into a total commitment to women's liberation. That ferocity stems from a denial of mutilation; it is a cry for life, a cry for the liberation of the spirit. Roxanne Dunbar, surely one of the most impressive women in the movement, conveys the feelings of many: "We are damaged—we women, we oppressed, we disinherited. There are very few who are not damaged, and they rule. . . . The oppressed trust those who rule more than they trust themselves, because self-contempt emerges from powerlessness. Anyway, few oppressed people believe that life could be much different. . . . We are damaged and we have the right to hate and have contempt and to kill and to scream. But for what? . . . Do we want the oppressor to admit he is wrong, to withdraw his misuse of us? He is only too happy to admit guilt—then do nothing but try to absorb and exorcize the new thought. . . . That does not make up for what I have lost, what I never had, and what all those others who are worse off than I never had. . . . Nothing will compensate for the irreparable harm it has done to my sisters. . . . How could we possibly settle for anything remotely less, even take a crumb in the meantime less, than total annihilation of a system which systematically destroys half its people. . . ."

Marlene Dixon is a professor of sociology at McGill University and an activist in the Women's Liberation Movement.

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Nixon's Guaranteed Annual Poverty

Much of the following story is based on original research done by the Southern Rural Research Project, a civil rights legal organization with which the authors have worked extensively in the blackbelt of Alabama.

THE BURNS FAMILY, like many of the other forgotten black farmers of the South, is not easy to find. After driving slowly along pockmarked, backcountry Alabama roads, past masses of pine trees hung with Spanish moss, through acres of corn and cotton, we would arrive from time to time at the familiar clearing with the small, unpainted shack at its center, bringing with us now a writer from Fortune magazine, now a small team of CBS cameramen or perhaps a photographer from Newsweek. As the last few civil rights field workers remaining in the blackbelt of Alabama, we were accustomed to and only slightly annoyed by the steady trickle of concerned media people wanting our personally-guided tour through the rural area. The home of Leroy and Lessie Burns and their ten children was always a stopover. The sight of this tired young black mother sitting on a tree stump in front of the cabin, nursing her two-year-old child, with his spindly legs and swollen belly, always elicited the proper response from the well-meaning reporters. We would not be surprised, some weeks later, to see her beautifully photogenic face accompanying an article on the black migration to the North. Yet the Burns family, like thousands of others, is still very much rooted in the South, with no plans of leaving to find a new home in a Northern ghetto.

Leroy Burns is able to find employment only a few months out of the year, usually doing construction work. The rest of the time he and his wife and children farm their ten acres of rented land. Perpetually caught up in past debts, he is never able to get on his feet. Proper food for the children is one of the first casualties. Burns managed to make some extra money last June by working overtime, but the "white establishment" of Camden, Alabama, retaliated against Burns' efforts at self-improvement by refusing his family the commodities they had been receiving through the federal government's food distribution program.

"What are you doing for food these months?" we asked.

"We goes half hungry."

In 1967 concerned doctors published a "Hungry Children Report." In 1968 the Citizens' Crusade Against Poverty issued its shocking study, *Hunger, USA*. CBS produced a television documentary, "Hunger in America," which was seen by millions; a lawsuit was filed in Washington by the Southern Rural Research Project against the U.S. Department of Agriculture for its discriminatory handling of federal food programs; and the Poor People's March came to Washington, D.C., and camped in Resurrection City. The poor and the hungry had their brief moment in the sun. America may lionize its victims, but the vogue of compassion passes quickly on; the hungry have now become somewhat passé. Americans seem to take it for granted that once such alarming conditions are publicly known, the appropriate authorities will automatically step in and clear the matter up. Yet in truth it is the very authorities who over the years have conceived and administered countless federal programs who must bear a heavy responsibility for perpetuating this needless suffering.

The hard fact is that 38 years of federal initiatives—from the first food programs in the 1930's through the expansion of the Commodities Distribution Program in 1961 and the passage of the Food Stamp Act in 1964—have done nothing to alter the appalling economic realities of the American South. On the contrary, they have worked to intensify the hunger and poverty of the black farmer. Dr. Mermin, a participant in the "Hungry Children" report, commented recently: "I don't see how the government can explain away the hunger of these children . . . except by admitting that there is something dreadfully wrong with [its] programs."

Because starving people cannot be explained away, the government periodically issues a Revised Program to cover up the problem a little longer, to reassure the nation that "something is being done." Thus, on August 8, 1969, in response to the growing volume of criticism of the country's welfare and food programs, President Nixon announced his proposals for reform. His new plan would do away with the main category of welfare, "Aid to Dependent Children," and replace it with a "National Family Assistance Plan." It would retain the food stamp program but would exclude from it those eligible for aid under the new program. The benefits of family assistance would go to the working poor as well as to the unemployed; to families with dependent children headed by a father, as well as to those headed by a mother. A basic federal minimum would be provided, the same in every state: a family of four with no outside income would be given $1600 a year, an amount which could be supplemented by the state if it chose to do so.

by Linda Hunt, Gary Hunt and Nancy Scheper

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Mrs. Leroy Burns with four of her ten children in front of their one room, windowless shack in Wilcox County, Alabama. The "baby," Tommy Lee, has not started to walk yet although he is past his second birthday.

In Nixon's view, this new program would encourage welfare recipients to find work by allowing them to keep the first $60 they earn each month without reducing their benefits; beyond that the benefits would be reduced by 50 cents for each dollar earned. The plan also includes a work requirement: those who accept benefits would have to accept job training or work. The only exceptions would be those unable to work and mothers of pre-school children. (The proposal even provides an incentive to these mothers in the form of a major expansion of day-care centers.) Manpower services would be state and locally controlled. Nixon has termed this decentralization the "new federalism."

Mayors and politicians from large urban centers were quick to complain that the new family assistance program was designed to alleviate the problems of rural America, while doing nothing to salvage America's sinking cities. Governor

Photographs Courtesy of Southern Rural Research Project

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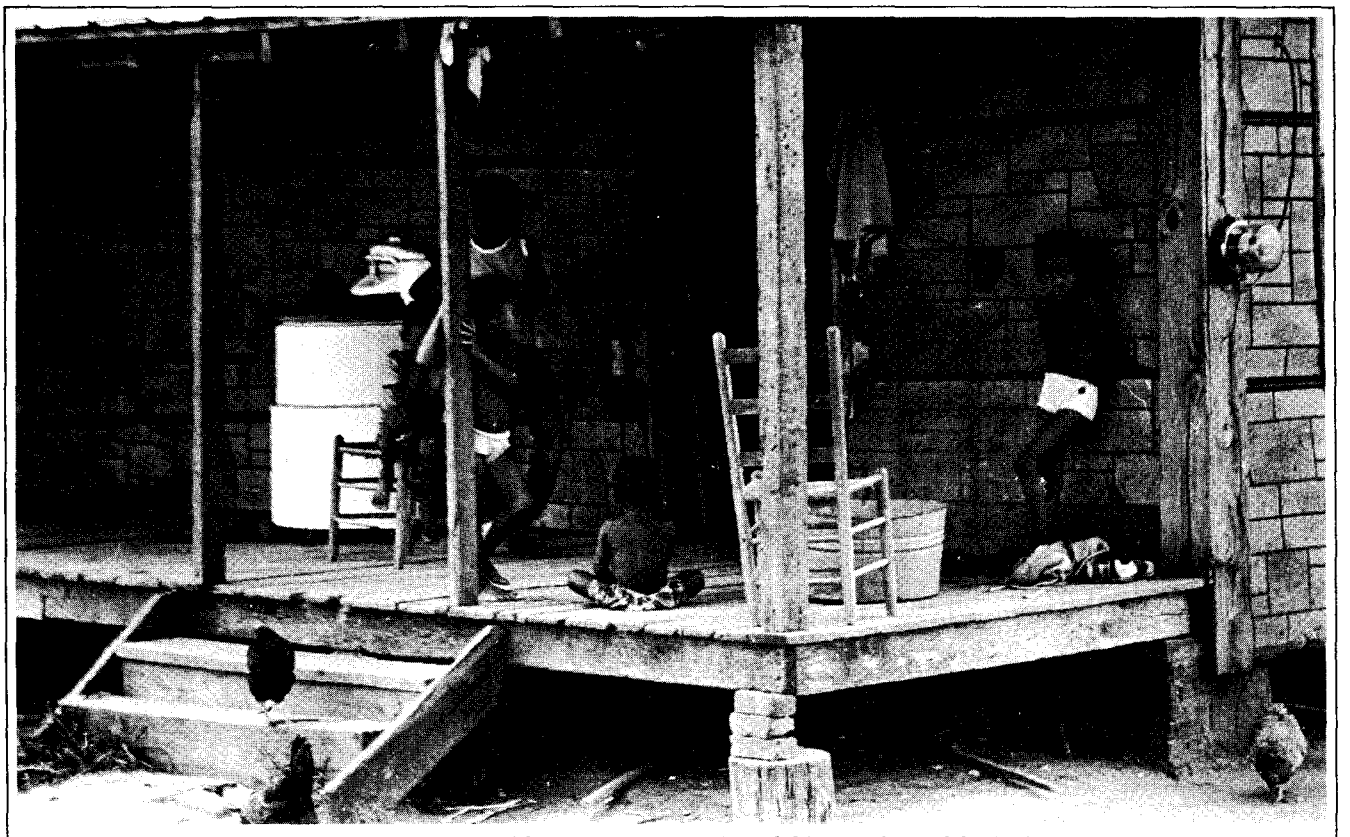

The Bryant family of Hale County, Alabama (father, mother, and 13 children and grandchildren), pay $26 a month (usually borrowed from friends) for $100 worth of food stamps. On the day this photo was taken, the Bryants ate a breakfast of pork sausage and light bread, and a dinner of squirrel and cornbread.

Rockefeller, allying himself with Mayor Lindsay, complained that "the states which have done the most to help those in need will receive the least benefits." "This is great for Mississippi," said Senator Abraham Ribicoff (D—Conn.), "but what does it do for Hartford?" And Senator Javits (R—N.Y.) stated that while the Nixon proposal would make "a major difference in many poor states, especially in the South," it would have little effect in New York. Despite its inadequacy for the northern cities, the consensus seemed to be that rural America—particularly the South—has everything to gain from the new program.

TO THOSE WHO KNOW THE SOUTH, however, Nixon's plan is far from a panacea. Like the programs which preceded it, the family assistance plan side-steps all of the most troublesome obstacles to the elimination of poverty in the South. First, the wholesale migration of young blacks from the rural South has left behind hundreds of thousands of elderly men and women who live together or alone without children. These people constitute one of the most depressing collective tragedies of the region, but because they are not eligible to receive "family assistance" under Nixon's welfare system, they will be forced to rely on the unfair and inadequate food programs already in existence.

But even for those who are eligible to receive the family assistance benefits, Nixon's new program is a dismal disappointment. It cannot even guarantee, for example, that Southern blacks will ever see their family assistance checks. Black farmers in the South live within a credit economy which fosters a chain of dependency upon white landowners and local shopkeepers. Despite their long hours of hard work, the black farmer and his family invariably end each farm year even more in debt than before. A 1967 survey by the Southern Rural Research Project (SRRP) of 242 heads of black farm households revealed that while half of the families worked an average of nine to ten hours a day on their farms (nearly 20 per cent of them worked as much as 11 to 15 hours), two-thirds of these same families ended the 1967 farm year deeply in debt.

In order to make it through the winter the black tenant is dependent upon the high-interest loans and credit which he can get from his landlord or local merchant (often the same man). And again each spring at planting time he finds himself in the position of borrowing against the value of his future crops as well as against the credit of any government checks coming his way (cotton subsidy and diversion checks or welfare payments). Often he signs these checks over to his creditors without seeing them or otherwise verifying their exact amount. Nearly 40 per cent of those black farmers interviewed had signed a paper handing their government checks over to some other person—most frequently their landlord or another local creditor.

Bookkeeping between tenant and landlord and between farmer and the general store is purposely kept loose and informal. The tenant can get as much credit as he needs, but he is neither given access to the "books" nor handed receipts or statements of his real financial standing with his creditor. Always in debt, he can never find out exactly how much he owes. This age-old feudal relationship works to the decided advantage of the landowner, who can consequently cash in on any federal checks coming from new programs designed to alleviate the poverty of tenant farmers. Although there is an SRRP lawsuit before the Supreme Court challenging the right

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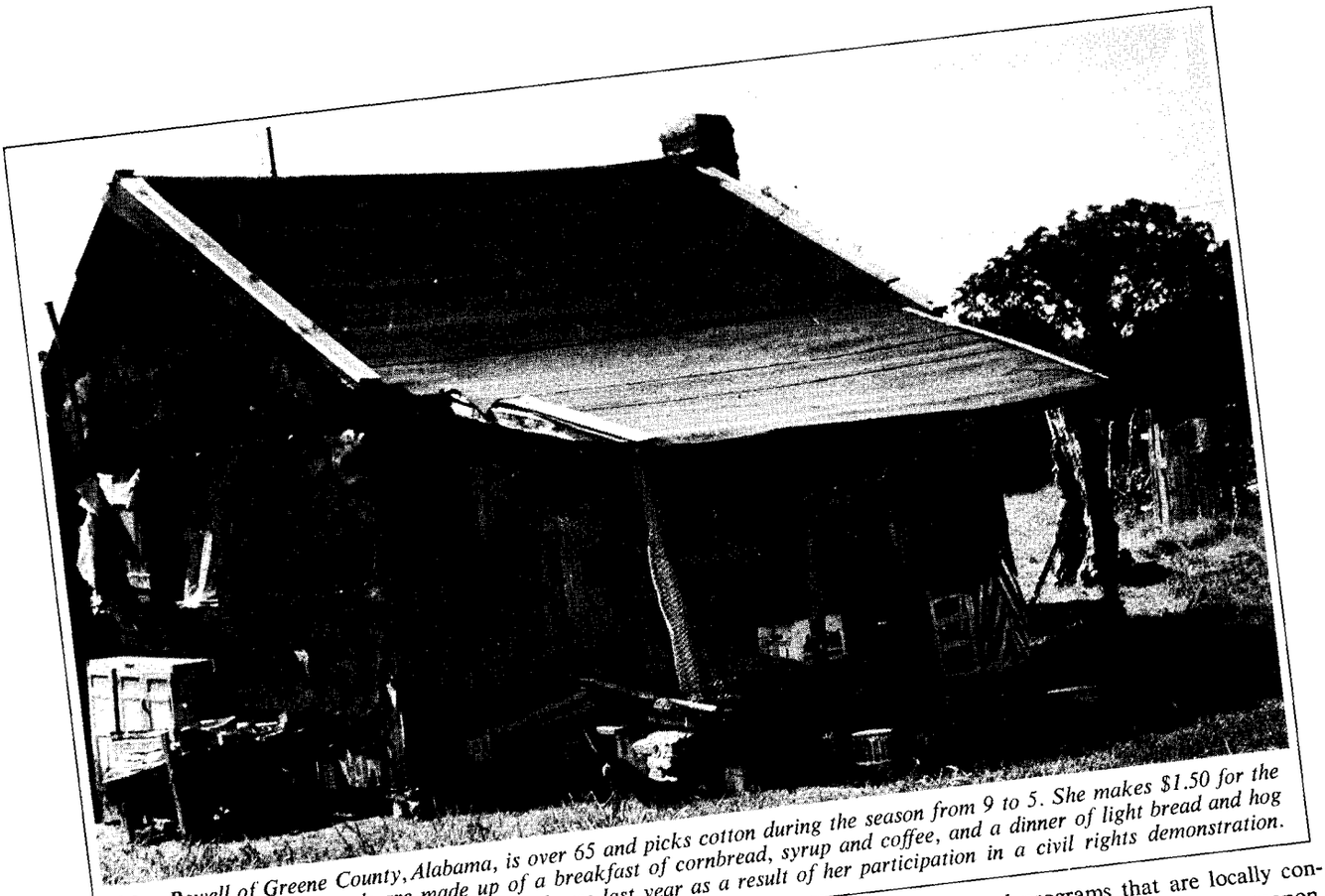

Mrs. Powell of Greene County, Alabama, is over 65 and picks cotton during the season from 9 to 5. She makes $1.50 for the day. Her usual day's meals are made up of a breakfast of cornbread, syrup and coffee, and a dinner of light bread and hog neckbones. She was evicted from her former house last year as a result of her participation in a civil rights demonstration.

of landlords to take federal checks from tenant farmers in payment for past debts, there is as yet absolutely no legal apparatus to prevent this same practice from swallowing up the checks received under Nixon's new welfare scheme.

Under the surplus commodity and food stamp programs there was at least a minimum built-in safeguard for hungry blacks. No white landlord or shopkeeper would or could demand that the farmer "sign over" his free food "doles" or his food stamps. Unlike benefits from most federal farm programs, the food at least got to the tables of the families for whom the programs were designed. However, since those receiving aid under the family assistance plan would no longer be eligible for food stamps, there can be little doubt that Southern winters will prove as lean, if not leaner, than they have been in the past.

BUT THE MOST DISASTROUS PART of Nixon's plan is what he presents as the core of the program. In his words: ". . . it is time for a new federalism in which power, funds and responsibility will flow from Washington to the states and to the people." More precisely, this "new federalism" would in effect be a gift of unfettered control to local white racists. What it would mean for Southern black farmers is less federal surveillance of increased funds and power in the hands of the same Southern-born and Southern-bred white authorities who have always subverted federal funds away from the blacks and into the pockets of the white and wealthy power structure.

Through an extensive study of the relationship between black farmers and the farm programs of the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA), SRRP field workers learned exactly what does happen to federal programs that are locally controlled in the South. The most powerful discriminatory weapon of federally-employed county administrators is their ability to withhold information about the various farm programs—a weapon which they employ to the hilt. The SRRP found for example that 97 per cent of all black farmers interviewed had *never* received any help or advice from any of the powerful Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service (ASCS) community committees, and that 95 per cent had never received any help from the ASCS county committees. The local offices of these two committees—which virtually control the economy of Southern cotton farming—are invariably run by whites, even in such counties as Wilcox, Alabama, where 80 per cent of the population is black. A 1965 report by the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights states that at the time the study was taken there were no Negroes employed in professional, clerical, or technical positions in the ASCS in the entire South. As of 1968 there was *one* black person thus employed.

The same SRRP survey revealed that 95 per cent of the black farmers interviewed had never received any help or advice from any member of the Farmers Home Administration (FHA) County Committee, the agency which approves all federal farm loans in each county. The Civil Rights Commission report showed that in all the 1500 county offices of the FHA, as well as in all the national and state offices, only about 40 Negroes were employed as professionals. Clearly, it is the intention of the local white administrators of this essential program to reserve loans insofar as possible for whites.

Most black farmers do not know how to defend themselves against the conspiracies of these white-controlled committees,

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for they are rarely aware of the benefits available to small farmers under the various farm programs—if they happen to know of their existence at all. Most rural blacks in the deep South, for example, had never heard of federal subsidies or price support checks until they were informed of them by civil rights workers in the early 1960's—although these checks had been rightfully theirs since the 1930's. Private "arrangements" between county agents and white landlords directed the federal checks belonging to black tenants into the pockets of their landlords.

The Green family of Dallas County, Alabama, is a case in point. Last year, after a lifetime spent as tenant farmers on the huge Minter plantation, the Greens were evicted. They left "owing" Minter $1600, according to his books. Mr. Green explains: "It's like this. We was always in debt to Mr. Minter, and no matter how hard we work one year, he always figure it so we just break even, or that we still owed money. The most I ever cleared in a year was $200, and lots of times I never cleared over $16."

During all the hard-working years Mr. Green spent on the Minter plantation, he never received a single cotton diversion or price support check from the government. He never even knew about them until he was told by a civil rights worker in 1966. Mr. Minter had been pocketing all the checks belonging to his illiterate, poverty-stricken tenants.

"How did you feel when you found out about the checks?" Mr. Green shakes his head. "I felt bad. I felt awful bad."

In the spring of 1966, Mr. Green went to Washington, D.C. with SRRP attorney Don Jelinek to testify in court about his missing checks. He returned home and finally received a cotton diversion check—one check, out of the many gone forever. He also received what many black "trouble makers" in the South get: an eviction notice.

LIKE THE FARM PROGRAMS in the South, federal welfare assistance, too, has been undermined by county agents acting as representatives of the local white "establishment." These officials have worked to exclude as many Southern blacks as possible from the benefits of the various welfare programs —a policy which has resulted in the massive exodus of jobless, impoverished blacks from the rural South. These same federally-employed county agents have fought to keep the USDA commodity distribution and food stamp programs out of many of the poorest counties in the South. Such officials automatically oppose any program that might give black people "something for nothing."

It is difficult to imagine that local administrators will assume the burden of informing the illiterate black farmers of the South about the new family assistance program.

Many black farm families eligible under the new program in rural Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi might be called the "invisible" people of the South, for their existence is in no way acknowledged by the government. According to the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, one million black farmers were "lost" by local white census takers in the 1960 census. Who will know the difference if thousands of these eligible families are not informed enough to apply for benefits under the new program? There are clearly not enough civil rights workers left in the South today to see that the job, which should be assumed by local administrators of the program, actually gets accomplished.

Given the importance of federal monies and programs to the viability of the American rural economy, the white county agents for all these programs control and determine the quality of the lives of rural black farmers more surely than does the county sheriff, the governor of the state, or even the President of the country. It is the local administrators of these programs who decide whether or not the Burns and the Greens will clear enough money from their cotton farming, supplemented by food stamps, commodities or welfare assistance, to feed their families through the long months when the fields are barren.

Nixon has called for a "gesture of faith in America's states and localities." Behind that gesture is a vote of confidence for the same local Southern agents who have refused to accept food stamps or surplus commodities in hundreds of starvation counties, and a tacit approval of the same authorities who have systematically disqualified black farmers from federal assistance under the cotton subsidy program, diversion program, and small farm loan program.

Five billion dollars was spent in 1968 under various farm programs of the U.S.

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Department of Agriculture. According to the report of the Citizens Crusade Against Poverty, *Hunger, USA*, more than a million Southern blacks went hungry during that same year. The fault lay in the mishandling of those programs at the state, county, and community levels. Whereas in the past some relief could be obtained by an appeal to the central offices in Washington (unwieldy and bureaucratic though they are), the black farmer now has virtually nowhere to turn—except to state and county officials who would just as soon see him starved out of the South.

GIVEN PAST EXPERIENCE with the handling of federally-financed programs on the local level, it becomes all too evident that Nixon's emphasis on "work-fare" could be insidiously used as a mechanism for disqualifying needy people from receiving *any* aid.

In his address to the nation Nixon remarked: "A guaranteed income establishes a right without any responsibilities; family assistance recognizes a need and establishes a responsibility. It provides help to those in need, and in turn requires that those who receive help work to the extent of their capabilities. There is no reason why one person should be taxed so that another can choose to live idly."

Such a statement could only be made on the assumption that there is plenty of decent, well-paying work available for those who are willing and able to acquire the proper skills—a doubtful postulate when applied to the country at large and a blatant fiction in the case of the South, which remains an area of chronic unemployment. Despite "forward-looking" Southern officials' ongoing flirtation with big business, the annual increase in available industrial jobs is only about half the number of farm jobs eliminated yearly by agricultural automation. (It might be added that Nixon's anti-inflation policies can only discourage industrial expansion in the South.)

If the general unemployment situation in the South is grim, meaningful jobs for blacks are virtually nonexistent in states like Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia and South Carolina. If black men and women are forced to accept whatever employment is offered to them, those who will truly profit will be the rich white farmer, the owner of the sawmill, the contractor —that is, those who will be provided with a work force which is even more desperate than it was before. At present, a black man can at least refuse to accept work-gang conditions and work-gang pay and still be eligible for food stamps. But under the new family assistance plan he could easily find himself with nothing at all to fall back on. Nixon's allusion to those who "choose to live idly" begins to take on ominous echoes.

In Alabama it could be twisted to mean that Elijah Green, a hard-working, experienced farmer, might be forced to give up his agricultural aspirations to accept a non-unionized dead-end job in a sawmill—at 65 cents an hour. If he refused, he could be deprived of the government aid which he must have to sustain his family in poor crop years.

Under Nixon's new welfare plan, control of work-training and employment services would be shifted from federal officials to state and city authorities. The President confidently asserts that state and local control of job training would facilitate response "to the needs of the individual trainee." One can hardly assume this to be true in Alabama, where local officials have long preferred offering jobless Negroes a one-way bus ticket North to giving them job retraining. The South does not want its black citizens to become productive, and therefore permanent, members of the economy.

With his added emphasis on job training Nixon expects to curtail the massive migration of Southern blacks to the Northern cities. But that cannot happen as long as there are so few skilled jobs to be had in the rural South. Newly-trained personnel would in fact *have* to migrate to either a Southern or, more likely, a Northern city in order to get work.

Nor will the migration be stemmed by the supposed "leveling" effect of the welfare reform, for Nixon announced in his speech that the states would be expected to individually supplement the federal benefits—a plan which naturally reinforces the same disparities that have existed between the states up until now, with Northern states making substantially greater contributions to the welfare system than Southern states.

Displaced black farmers from rural Alabama will continue to become hardcore, cynical, and resentful ghetto dwellers of Northern cities. The fuel for the fiery explosions in American cities has been

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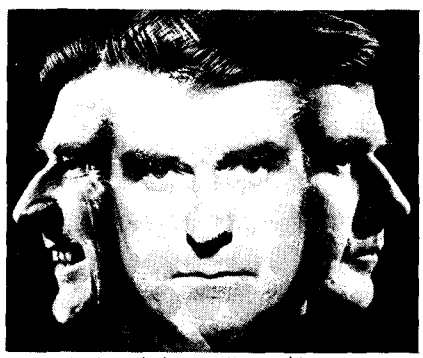

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Alternatively, there is the other hangup. Are you fed up with the learned irrelevancies of the professed socialist intellectuals who write erudite treatises in scholarly journals of the "left"? Or the so-called democratic socialists? Do they not offer capitalism, administered by the state, albeit they claim a more benevolent state, in the manner of the Scandinavian countries or Great Britain?

What then is socialism? If you work for wages it is *not* socialism. If goods and services are sold in the market place with a view to profit it is *not* socialism. If the world is divided into nations, it is *not* socialism. If there is *any* kind of government *over* people it is *not* socialism. Unless each man, woman or child in the world has free access to all goods and services it is *not* socialism.

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kindled in the peaceful cotton fields that have starved the Negro into migration. The black farmer has been hungry since Emancipation. He has remained hungry under the New Deal legislation, under the surplus food commodities program, and under the food stamp plan enacted during the Kennedy Administration. And he will certainly fare no better under the "new federalism" and family assistance program of the conservative Nixon era.

The fires of Newark and Detroit have been stoked by robbing generations of black Americans of their wealth and manhood. Those fires cannot be extinguished by welfare programs of any kind.

To feed the hungry black Southerner requires not further federal expenditure, but rather a commitment to a fair and just transferal of land ownership—away from the white absentee landowners and into the hands of those who have actually worked the land for generations: the black tenant farmers. The black American wants nothing less than his birthright—a meaningful place within a viable economic system that allows him control over his own destiny.

The Wild West Rock Show:
Shooting Up a Rock Bonanza

SOME PEOPLE'S INSTINCTIVE response to any cultural innovation is to open shop. Hip culture, biggest of contemporary fads, instantly produced a thriving capitalist class. This aided the development of an ardent revolutionary minority, and battles between those to whom a "revolutionary life-style" means socialism and those for whom it means profit have become as much a part of the Scene as love-ins. The original head shop, the Psychedelic Shop on Haight Street, was the object of a socialization campaign in 1966. During San Francisco's celebrated "Summer of Love" in 1967, the Diggers demanded reparations from Bill Graham, the rock impresario who had already made a small fortune off the community-inspired rock dances and light shows. In New York last year, the "Motherfuckers" campaigned for free nights at Graham's Fillmore East, and finally staged a takeover.

The summer of 1969, when what was once known as the "be-in" turned into that cash crop called the rock festival, produced two significant confrontations. One was witnessed by 450,000 at the Woodstock Music and Art Fair, the mammoth "Aquarian Age Exhibition" that provoked a special issue of Life and reams of self-congratulation in the underground press. Everyone seemed to think that the new age had indeed arrived, although when Abbie Hoffman grabbed the microphone and told the Woodstock crowd that their numbers meant nothing unless they could free John Sinclair (a Detroit street leader serving ten years on a pot charge), Peter Townshend of the English group The Who, then onstage, clubbed Hoffman over the head with his electric guitar.

The media orgy at Woodstock almost drowned out the earlier event, or rather non-event, that brought it all back home to San Francisco, where a group of prominent rock music businessmen blamed threats of violence from left-wing hippies for the cancellation of their planned "Wild West" Festival.

Its promoters had described Wild West as a rebuke to the commercialism of the other rock festivals, a non-profit celebration for the community. But radical groups attacked it as a "culture ripoff," an exploitation of the community to boost the image and the growth rate of the San Francisco sound. The argument, as usual, was between those who see no conflict between "serving the community" and getting rich, and those who see a definite contradiction.

What is new is the reaction to Woodstock and the Wild West Festival: violent hostility toward the radicals. Abbie Hoffman, a hero last year for uniting hippies and politicos, is shunned this year as a "crazy." The Wild West story has been cited in the underground press nationwide as a glowering example of ingratitude and bad vibes, and the East

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Village Other denounces the "crazies" as shrilly as Ralph J. Gleason, rock interpreter for the San Francisco Chonicle. The Haight Commune, an inter-tribal council which led the Wild West strike, met a wall of resentment when it tried to get bands for a planned "people's festival"; the San Francisco Mime Troupe, which published attacks on the Festival, saw its posters disappear from record-store windows. The hip liberals—the rock writers, underground editors, "apolitical" artists and long-haired social workers who have been traditional mediators—this year sided overwhelmingly with the capitalists.

Money has something to do with all this; hip stocks are at an all-time high. The Woodstock promoters claimed expenses of $2.8 million. The more money, the higher the stakes, and every time the stakes are raised, the battle lines become clearer. John Wasserman, swinger critic for the San Francisco Chronicle, once explained to this writer why Bill Graham was giving fewer benefits than when he started: "When he was only making $1000 a night he could afford to give one away, but now he's making $6000 so he can't." The underground media also have a lot to gain from the rock boom—and an equal amount to lose. Last June, Columbia Records withdrew all advertising from the underground press, alleging that the medium was unproductive; insiders said that Columbia decided it didn't want to finance revolution, and predicted the death of several papers as a direct result.

The reaction against the "crazies" illustrates the inherent conservatism of a group whose politics, were they better understood, would be vastly comforting to many who are frightened by its style. Hip culture, in its mass form, is based on two consumer goods, rock music and drugs, and it is naturally dependent on their suppliers. Outside money has taken over both fields from the original native entrepreneurs, and resistance to the record, garment, and celebration industries is no more to be expected than a boycott against the Mafia. On the contrary, the more money, the bigger the dose of pleasure it can supply, and the stronger its claim on the affections of the turned-on.

"I THINK IT WAS all my visions come true," a lady hip journalist wrote of Woodstock. As visions go, Wild West was no slouch either. "A huge celebration, nearly all of which will be free," according to its opening press conference; "a gallumphing whale of a show fusing rock, opera, ethnic music, theatre, ballet, arts and crafts exhibits, and a myriad of unclassifiable mixed-media happenings and children's events," according to its obituary in the Village Voice. The Wild West Festival would have presented all the best local music and art from hard rock to pottery in a three-day jamboree, expected to attract 250,000 (Woodstock predicted the same), for the relatively very modest price of $150,000, which was to be raised by three $3-a-head evening concerts in San Francisco's Kezar Stadium.

Everybody loves a celebration, but some people look to see what's in the cup before they drink or, what comes to the same thing, who's doing the pouring. The members of the newly-formed San Francisco Music Council, sponsor of the Festival, were all prosperous managers and myth-makers of the local sound: Tom Donahue, rock DJ turned producer; Ralph J. Gleason, Chronicle rock columnist, record cover writer, and author of two current paperbacks on rock and roll; Bill Graham; Jann Wenner, editor of Rolling Stone, the country's leading rock magazine (10 pages of record ads in a representative 31-page issue); the managers of the area's three top groups, the Jefferson Airplane, the Quicksilver Messenger Service and the Grateful Dead; and Barry Olivier, longtime producer of the Berkeley Folk Music Festival. The radicals—primarily from the Haight Commune, the San Francisco Mime Troupe and two radical underground papers, Dock of the Bay and the Berkeley Tribe—gained national reputations for envy and paranoia by suggesting that Wild West would be a paying proposition for its promoters.

Actually their argument was more complex. The radicals maintained that if the San Francisco Music Council really wanted to spread joy in the community, its members would cut their profit margins to make rock music more accessible; if they really wanted to put on a celebration for the community, they would include community representatives in its planning, and insure that the community receive its proceeds, direct and indirect; if the Festival were really free, it needn't cost $150,000, or $3 a head. "What's free," cautioned a Mime Troupe leaflet, "will be millions of dollars worth of material, promotion, and rights donated by the people and the performers to the packagers and vendors of the San Francisco sound."

According to Rolling Stone, the Festival was dreamed up by Ron Polte, manager of the Quicksilver Messenger Service. Polte enlisted the other rock figures as supporters, and they hired Olivier to do the organizing. The Music Council kicked off its "free-for-all, bacchanalian celebration of San Francisco's unique life-style" by installing 26 telephones and a paid staff of 22, with everyone either a "Coordinator" or a "Director," according to the staff list, and by paying Olivier $500 a week. Artists were invited to work free.

The Festival inspired a dizzying enthusiasm among its employees. "As the dynamics of the Festival begin to take shape," began the second issue of their newsletter, called Any Day Now, "it becomes more and more apparent that superlatives are somehow inadequate in describing what promises to be San Francisco's finest hour." Some of this was catching. Allan Katzman, visiting ex-editor of the East Village Other, wrote home: "It will be an event of mass proportions not unlike America's moon landing except that it will be more assuredly a step in the right direction."

Occasional static was smothered in good vibes. When Gary Snyder asked how 250,000 people would affect the ecology of Golden Gate Park, he got this answer from Any Day Now: "This question stimulated much discussion and exposed some beautiful ideas and new approaches to such problems. The operative agreement reached seemed to suggest that Nature could take care of herself when people sought to act in concert with her processes and did not try to rape her for material profit and expedience."

The response from trendier elements of the business community was positive: KSAN (Metromedia) and KMPX, the local FM rock stations, offered free production and broadcasting of Festival promotions; Foster & Kleiser and Ad-Van offered 20 free billboards. Rumors that PG&E was going to donate power, and that the city was friendly, generated some extremely heady projections. "Here are a few images and situations," confided Any Day Now:

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WHOSE PROJECTS THEY WERE remains something of a mystery. The staff was announcing that "all of Golden Gate Park" would be the stage, but it seems unlikely that Donahue or Olivier, both experienced promoters, could ever have believed the city would be so lavish with permits. (The San Francisco Park and Recreation Commission has "time, place and manner" discretion over park use, and keeps it well-exercised.) This extravagance of imagination generated a lot of energy for free labor, as everyone who visited the office early enough testified, but it created an atmosphere of disorganization. It probably did the Festival little good at city hall, and certainly did it none with many elements of the community outside the rock scene, particularly those who need bread more than they do circuses. A representative of the federally-funded Mission Rebels—the one community group which did join the Festival—acknowledged that "initially there was a great deal of suspicion" toward the Festival in the Mission (Latin) District. And Los Siete de la Raza, the grass-roots organization which had formed to defend seven Latino youths accused of killing a San Francisco policeman, joined the radicals' strike.

The Festival contacted the Mission Rebels at the insistence of the director of the city's Neighborhood Arts Program, Jane Dunn, who expressed her reservations even before the crazies did. (The Arts Program, following a double policy of freeing art and paying artists, last year sponsored 300 free performances, ran 10 continuing workshops, and helped 100 organizations put on cultural events, all on $150,000.) The Music Council had not called Neighborhood Arts, but Mrs. Dunn called them, and said they were making a mistake by not involving neighborhood groups. "I told them we had noticed, every time we did something in the parks, that the scene was much tenser now than last year, that there was a possibility of violence if they ignored the community groups, particularly the kids. But they didn't understand that—they didn't understand what community involvement meant at all."

They finally did learn what it meant, but less, as it turned out, from the Third World groups than from the dispossessed of the Haight-Ashbury, those who had seen their happy valley laid to waste by profiteers in media and methedrine. "LONG HAIR IS NOT ENOUGH! IS YOUR SOUL SHAGGY TOO?" began a broadside by the Haight Commune, which represents 22 "families" of 10 to 30 members each. It went on:

"When our attempts to live and to create freedom and common experience begin to succeed, the pimp merchants of bread and circuses converge on the source of this success, turn the people's artists into whores and slaves, slick-package a shit version of our expression, and hustle it back to us for incredible profits.

"When our culture clearly opposes this system of exploitation it is crushed.

"When our culture begins to liberate people from their un-freedom it is rapidly remolded into more chains by the existing furnaces of corrupt power and decadent values.

"Our talents/creativity/energy are like any natural resource. We can be destroyed by the money-crazed tyrants of business just like any other resource on the planet (a forest, a mine, a river, etc.) . . . OR THE RESOURCE OF THE PEOPLE'S LIVES CAN BE USED TO MAKE LIFE ITSELF A BETTER EXPERIENCE FOR ALL THE PEOPLE."

The first big confrontation between the chiefs of Wild West and the Indians was the first and last "general community meeting" called by the Festival on July 28 at Glide Church, traditionally an underground forum. The Music Council sat on the red-carpeted altar amid a natty swarm of staffers, who fielded questions, some about the budget. Olivier's assistant, named Sharkey, told the people that questions about money were irrelevant to a groovy event. The Mime Troupe, arriving late, shouted questions about money. A black Neighborhood Arts community worker asked why there was no Third World representation on the Council, why the rock scene ignored its debt to the black community, why things were still like they always had been. "Who is this third movement anyway?" a staffer in a hippie costume asked him. Graham grabbed the microphone. "Where are you people when we try to

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do anything around here?" he thundered at the black worker. "We never see you when we're trying to do something for this community!" Most of the room started shouting at Graham. With a sudden tinkle of finger cymbals and patter of hand drums, the local berobed and shaven-headed followers of Krishna swept down the aisles and chanted Hare Krishna till everyone had left.

(The Glide meeting was Graham's last public appearance on behalf of Wild West. The next week, he lost his temper at a meeting with the striking light show guild: "I will *never* share my profit with anyone in the community. . . . As long as I control the show, no one will ever tell me how to run it or what to do with my money. I have a house in Pacific Heights and an $8000 Mercedes-Benz and it's mine, I *earned* it." Graham announced that when his lease ran out at the end of the year he was closing the Fillmore West and moving east. "On January 2, 1970, San Francisco will know what it has lost," he predicted, and flew off to Massachusetts to oversee the first pop concert ever held at Tanglewood: an all-Graham production which drew a record crowd—for the location—of 23,000.)

A few days later, Wild West mailed out copies of a "working budget" totalling $157,000: $39,000 for salaries, $12,000 for site rental, $12,000 for "control," $10,000 each for "sound systems" and "sound." There was little in it to mollify the radicals, who were not questioning whether it was *possible* to spend $150,000 but whether it was *desirable*. Whenever the money question came up, the Music Council claimed that it was being accused of fraud. ("'Stick 'em up Wild West' is the cry of the Mime Troupe as it fantasizes huge profits slipping off to Swiss bank accounts," sneered Ralph Gleason's column.)

Following the Glide meeting, three leaders of the Haight Commune called on Wild West. They told Polte that living space and legal and medical services should be provided (the Woodstock management ended up flying doctors in over the traffic jam in helicopters), and expressed the fear that thousands of out-of-town youths, attracted by the free events but with no money for Kezar, would create a potential riot in the adjacent Haight-Ashbury. (Festivals in Newport, Denver and Venice this summer were riot scenes when police got rough with would-be gate-crashers and fence-stormers.) Polte replied, according to one of the emissaries, that as long as people stayed cool everything would be groovy, but said he would attend the Commune's next meeting. (A Festival staffer later told an underground newspaper that the communards, whose language is colorful, were obnoxious and "didn't fit in.") Polte didn't show up at the meeting and the Commune voted to go on strike against the Festival.

To "strike" against an organization the strikers neither worked for nor patronized meant to express objections strongly. The Commune put out a leaflet with an outlaw on the cover, saying "Stick 'em up Wild West." At a strike meeting heavily attended by both sides, heckling cut Donahue off in the middle of a mellifluous radio rap, and a Wild West supporter clasping a baby was shouted down when she told the crowd, "It's so *straight* to worry about money!" The meeting was clear in its demand: open the Music Council. The Wild West people, as Gleason wrote a few days later, "had not expected to be attacked, and were shaken."

The next day Donahue announced at a press conference that the Council had erred in not seeking community involvement, and that it was offering seats to artists, ecologists, Third World groups, and to two straight-run, charitable organizations from the Haight-Ashbury.

The press conference had clearly been called to counter gossip-columnist Herb Caen's item in that morning's Chronicle, which reported that Wild West was "very much up in the air." Rolling Stone later catalogued the Festival's troubles: the Musicians' Union was inventing the usual obstructions; the city was delaying action in apparent hopes the Festival would collapse; the Kezar tickets weren't selling (because of a backfire in promotion—since everyone thought the Kezar acts would also be performing for free, no one was willing to pay the $3); Olivier was incompetent; and most of the Music Council was out of town. No lineup for the free events had been announced, and Any Day Now had not appeared for three weeks. Donahue asked for a mandate: "What we are looking for is a total festival, a total commitment from the community and from the city too, and from the Musicians' Union, from everybody in San Francisco, because we don't

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want a bummer."

The strikers were actually among the last to lose interest; a few went to leaflet a meeting the Council called several days after the press conference to welcome community group participation. Nobody came but two Black Panthers, who said they had gotten a phone call: they read the leaflets and didn't go in. The strikers left before two Berkeley street-heroes arrived and threatened to rub Polte out.

When he announced the cancellation of Wild West on August 14, Olivier blamed "a certainty of violence" threatened by 20 organizations. Rolling Stone blamed Olivier, but said the Festival was under "constant threat of physical violence and harassment." Gleason (who hadn't seen any of the action, but had been getting it all by phone, and writing about it from Stinson Beach) devoted his entire Chronicle column to the murder of a dream by hysterical, violent, "non-musical" politicos, enflamed by the Mime Troupe in a bid for publicity. Gleason, however, was mild in comparison to hip guru Allan Katzman, who told readers of the psychedelic East Village Other that the radicals wanted to take over Wild West to finance revolution.

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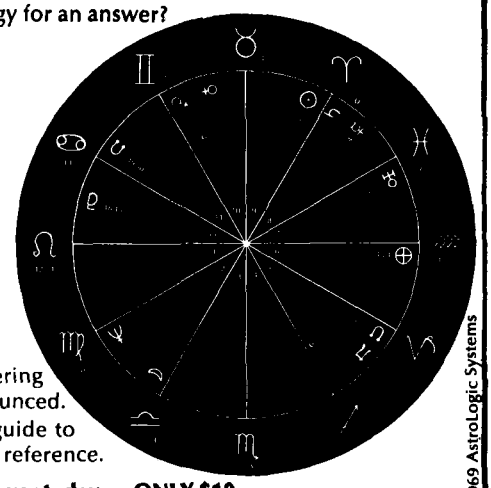

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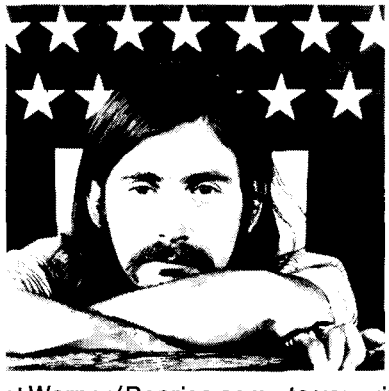
I Am Curious (Greenbaum)



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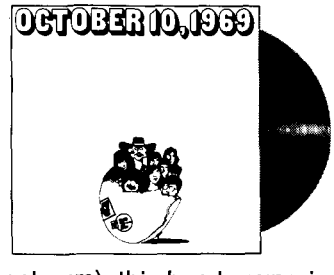

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"They are hard-pressed to consolidate their position," Katzman wrote, "and in order to do so they must have the control and the monies to foster their revolution into the forefront. They will do it even if it means using the blood and bodies of their own community to achieve those ends."

THE MANDATE TO "do your own thing" has run out for the radicals, and it is not uncommon to see them excoriated in hip publications with all the vehemence, and in the terms of, the far right. The June issue of Crawdaddy, a rock and astrology magazine, described the Motherfuckers and SDS as "crybabies, howling and sobbing because they see something they want and they think they can't get it."

After it was all over, the Wild West's "information officer" told the Village Voice, "Personally, I find myself growing more and more apolitical." He spoke for thousands. As the times get heavier, more and more of the beautiful people are finding that what they mean by "revolution" is groovy vibrations. And the louder the better, to drown outside noise. *This is it!* was the message broadcast from Woodstock: Paradise Now, the Aquarian Age—look no further, *and don't bring me down!* The Los Angeles Free Press ran an open letter from a lady hip journalist to Abbie Hoffman:

"Abbie, the age of politics is over. The revolution is finished. It served its purpose and it's irrelevant now. To hit out with violence is just plain stupid, you'll get your upraised fist shot off. The only way you get freedom is by deciding that you're free. If you fight authority you acknowledge it, you give it power. If authority is ignored, it doesn't exist any more.

"Fuck your rhetoric, man. Get it on, dance, dance to the music. . . ." And don't ask who's paying the piper.

The country rocked with festivals all summer (Newport, Denver, Seattle, Buffalo, Atlantic City, Venice, Big Sur, Bethel, Atlanta, Dallas), so who needed a People's Park?

"New Breed" capitalists may deny that their celebration business is a branch of the containment industry, but the older generation is getting hip to it. Last April, for instance, when Bill Graham first announced the possibility that he might close the Fillmore West, the Chronicle carried a lengthy editorial on his accomplishments. Not only had the Fillmore "brought San Francisco to the front of the national rock scene," but "there are many knowledgeable observers in the community who credit [it] with being one of the factors for channeling the unrest and dissent of youth away from the destructive activism that has racked many other communities."

You could probably start a revolution with rock music—if you could get someone to outlaw it. —*Joan Holden*

Joan Holden is a member of the San Francisco Mime Troupe and a frequent contributor to Ramparts.

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(Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code)

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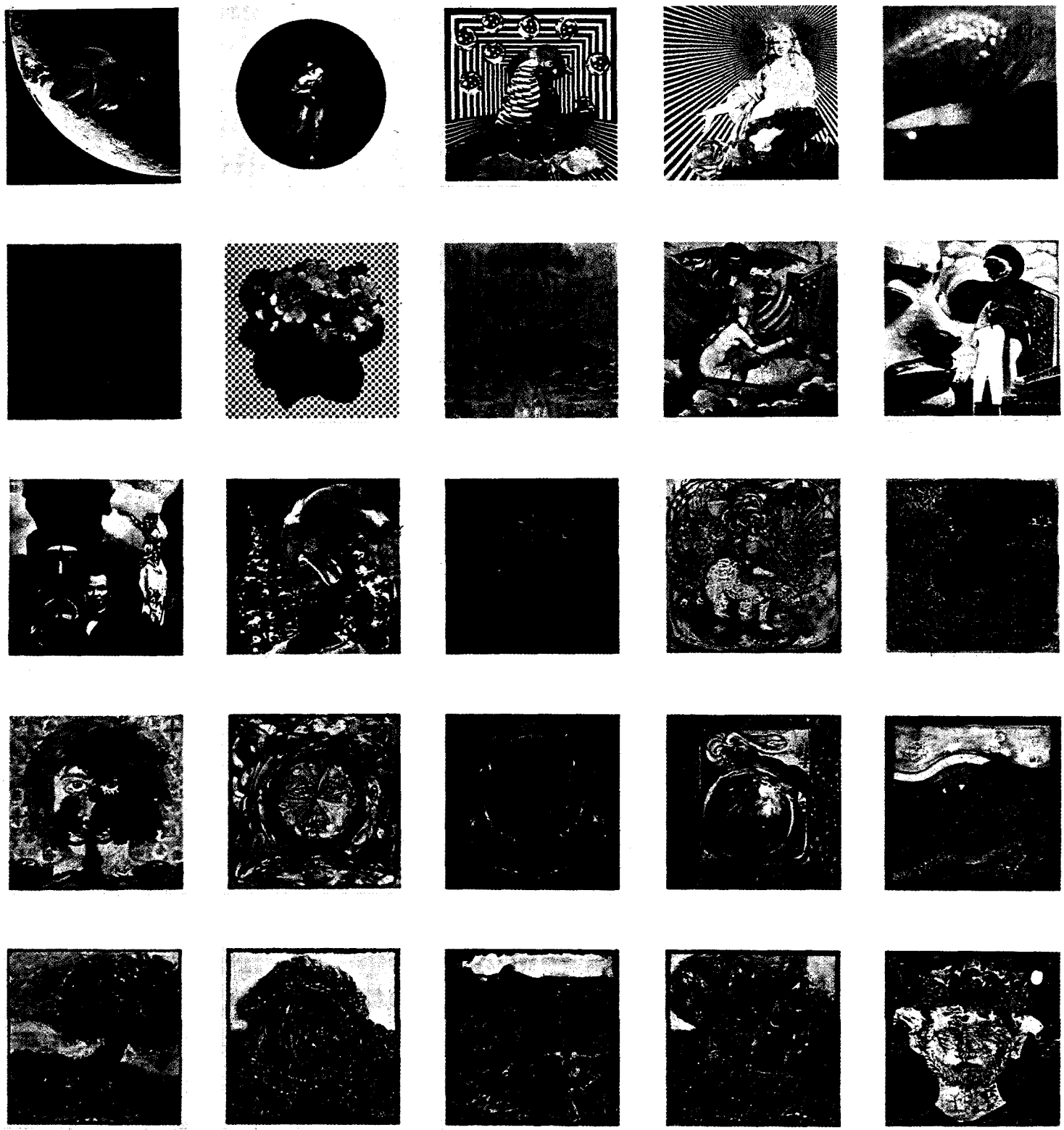

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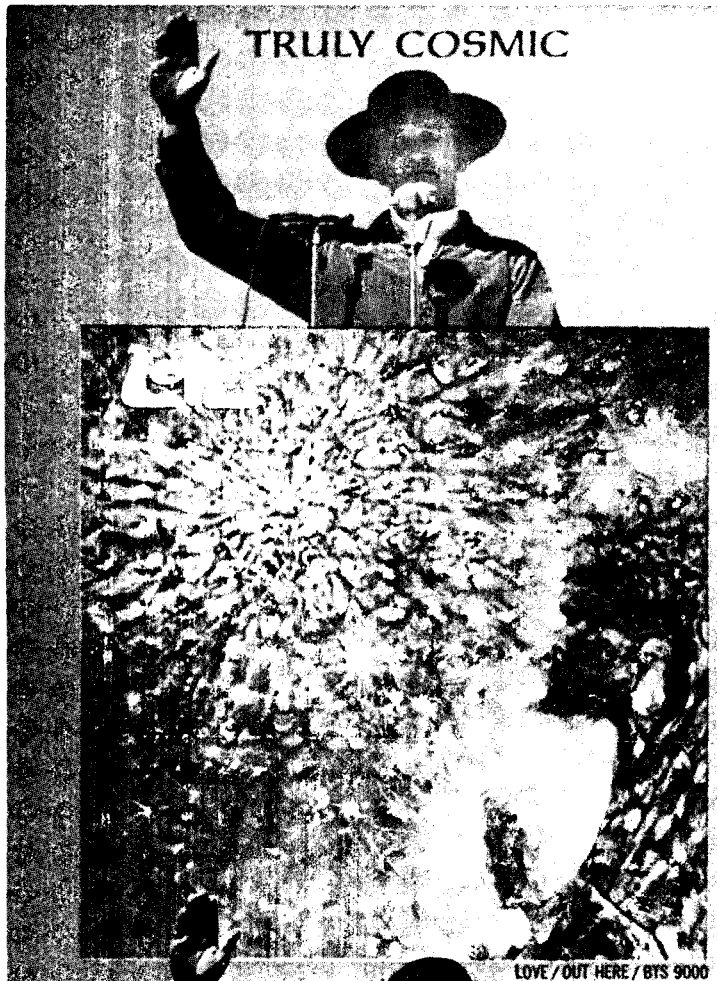

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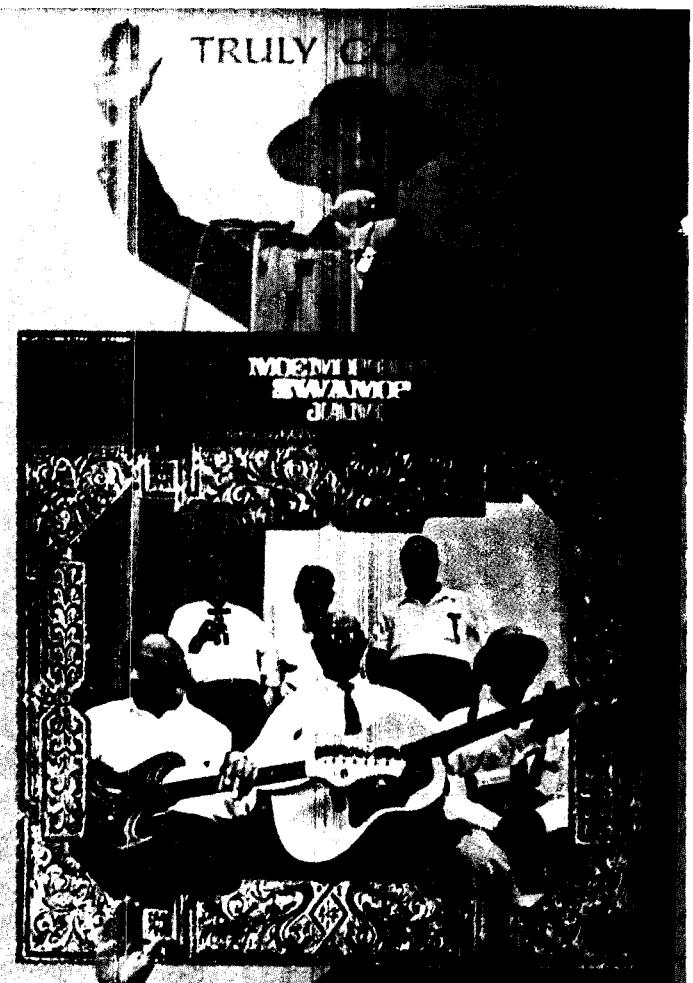

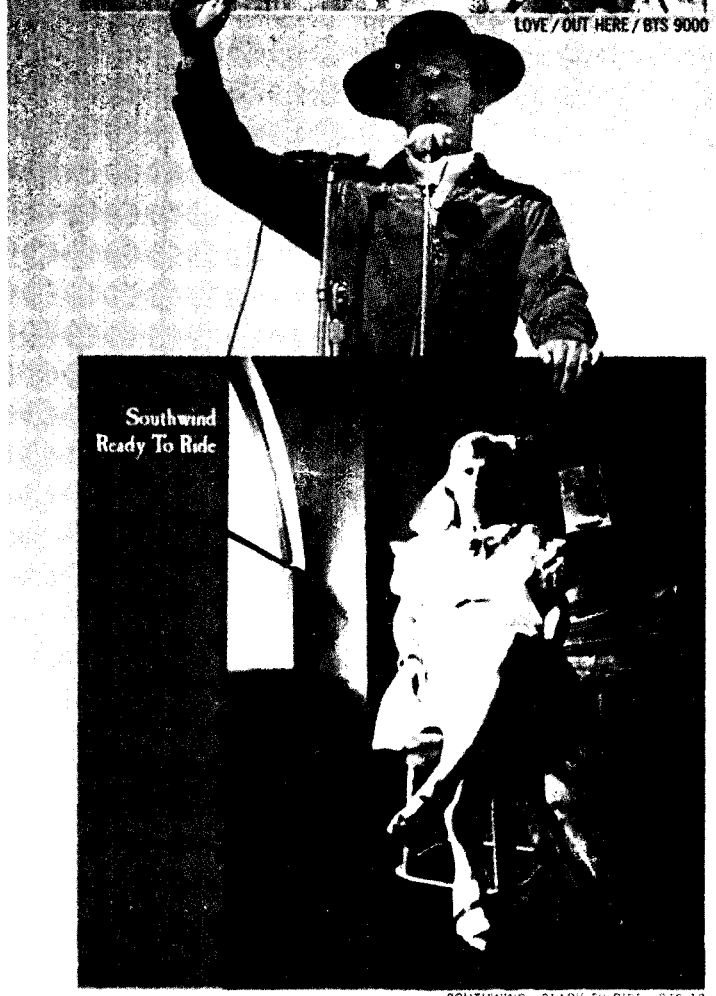

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